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**THE
JUVENILE PLUTARCH:**

**CONTAINING
ACCOUNTS OF THE LIVES OF
*CELEBRATED CHILDREN,***

**AND, OF
THE INFANCY OF PERSONS**

**WHO HAVE BEEN
ILLUSTRIOUS FOR THEIR VIRTUES AND TALENTS.
*WITH PLATES.***

PART THE FIRST.

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

THE great LORD BACON hath justly observed, that “ Knowledge drawn fresh, and, as it were, in our view, out of particulars, knows the way best to particulars again; and it hath much greater life for practice, when the discourse attends upon the example, than when the example attends upon the discourse.”

History and biography have been too frequently employed in the service of error and vice; but by proper management they may be made equally effectual in the cause of learning, virtue, and religion. Examples of the progress of great and good men in the paths which led them to that glory which has rendered them objects of admiration to posterity, cannot but excite in the minds of ingenuous youths a desire to imitate them. To produce so desirable an end was the object of the editor in compiling the following work, in which the examples of early virtue and genius have been selected with care, delineated with exactness, and placed in such a point of view, and attended with such remarks, as may best serve to form proper models for the consideration and imitation of young persons of both sexes.

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**THE
JUVENILE
PLUTARCH.**

FRANCIS BEAUCHATEAU.

FRANCIS BEAUCHATEAU, son of a player of the same name, was born at Paris in 1645, and died at sea at the age of fifteen.

He was a most accomplished character, equally excellent in heart and understanding. His father spared nothing that might contribute either to his instruction or the formation of his manners. Although the profession of a player does not always admit of a very

regular mode of life, he thought nothing too much for his son, and employed the greater part of his salary in procuring for him the best masters in every department. His wife, who was also a player, did not hesitate to make the same sacrifices. She sold her trinkets, and confined herself to the most simple dresses, to concur in the designs of her husband. The young pupil fully answered these tender cares, and largely contributed to the happiness of his parents, both by his progress in learning and the amiable qualities of his heart.

Nothing serves more to enlarge the mind, than to adorn the memory with chosen passages, in prose or verse. This method, now too much neglected, was formerly employed with success in the liberal studies. Though somewhat slow of conception, Beauchateau read and

wrote tolerably well in his fifth year ; and he knew by heart, and recited with correctness, the best of La Fontaine's fables. What so much hastened his progress was, that his masters never gave him a line to learn without previously explaining to him the literal or figurative sense of the words. He who knows well how to choose his time, and to manage his means, will find himself able to do many things without extraordinary efforts. Though little Francis did not study three hours a day in all, yet in his eighth year he understood the best Greek and Latin authors ; he translated them at sight, because he had been taught these difficult languages chiefly by use and by conversation, which save the disgust caused by abstract principles and perplexing rules.

We commonly consider those premature geniuses, who display the knowledge of men while yet in leading-strings, as phenomena : let us cease to wonder ; patience, and sound principles of education, accomplish every thing, and supply the defects of nature. Like those stony and ungrateful soils, which stubborn labour at length succeeds in rendering fertile, the most unpromising understandings may be formed by assiduous cultivation. With a few exceptions, what has already been learned by one individual, another is equally capable of knowing. Where invention is not the point, nothing but time is necessary ; every thing depends on the method and ability of the masters. The languages are the keys of human knowledge ; he who possesses several of them, possesses also several means

of instruction. Besides Greek and Latin, those two bases of the liberal studies, young Beauchateau applied himself to the Spanish and Italian; and in his eleventh year he was so well versed in these two languages, that he would not have needed an interpreter at Madrid or Florence.

In order to form a complete scholar, it is not sufficient to make a deep and constant study of literature, or to pass much time in reading the best authors; the pupil ought to try his own powers, and be able to execute in his turn. The instructors of our young scholar did not forget to accustom their pupil to translate a great deal, and to extract the best passages from the books he read; and they exercised him particularly in composing on all sorts of subjects, both in prose and verse.

Versification is a talent too much neglected in education, both public and private. It is, however, very useful in forming the style; nothing sharpens the wit more, nothing contributes more to give grace, energy, or ingenuity, to the thoughts. By means of turning verses little Beauchateau learned to make very pretty ones; and he soon acquired a reputation in this charming art. His poetical pieces, equally full of sense, vigour, and fancy, passed from the capital to the provinces; and it could scarcely be believed that they were the work of a child. Many considerable people, wishing to assure themselves of the truth, invited the father of little Francis to bring his son to them, that they might hear him talk, and judge for themselves of the things that were

related of him. Their satisfaction equalled their surprise. They were enchanted, and did not hesitate to allow the superiority of a careful and systematic education, over those superficial and detached notions which too many persons content themselves with giving to youth.

Anne of Austria, the mother of Lewis the fourteenth, King of France, was desirous of seeing the celebrated child. Having sent for him to the palace, she asked him questions on various subjects, which he answered with equal ease and precision.

“How is it,” asked the princess, “that you can have so much wit and knowledge at your age?”—“O!” replied the young poet, “when we approach the divinities of the earth, and

above all beauty, it would be difficult not to have them."

Flattered with the repartee, the queen embraced the child, and dismissed him, loaded with rich presents, among which was a box for sugar-plumbs, adorned with precious stones.

Cardinal Mazarine, Chancellor Seguier, and many other great persons, used to send for little Beauchateau, and giving him a subject for his muse, shut him up till he had performed his task, which he never failed to do to their satisfaction.

As he began his classical studies very early, and improved with great assiduity the precious moments of youth, at thirteen or fourteen years of age he had scarcely any thing more to learn. It was about this time that he

revised his poetical compositions, which were printed, under the title of “The Lyre of the Young Apollo; or, The Muse of little Beauchateau.” They were adorned with the portraits of the distinguished persons whom he had celebrated; and this first edition met with a very rapid sale, since all parents were pleased to present to their children the works of the young poet, as an encouragement to the love of learning.

Every thing depends on the first impulse given to the mind. Science and information were become of absolute necessity to this illustrious child. The English tongue was not fashionable in France in his time; yet he applied to it with such ardour, as to understand and to speak it fluently. In order to make himself more perfect in it, he ob-

tained permission of his father to go and spend some months in England ; and he set out with the French ambassador, to whom he had been recommended.

On his arrival at London, Beauchateau was received by persons of rank with the same distinction as he had been at the French court. He was of a slender shape, and very little ; and though of a good constitution, at thirteen he did not appear to be more than nine or ten years old : a circumstance which added still more to the reputation of his talents. This uncommon youth was also of an engaging appearance, and the sweetness of his disposition answered to this agreeable advantage of nature. The most noble and beautiful ladies contended for the pleasure of entertaining this

delightful child. They sometimes placed him on their knees, where he more than once composed verses full of point and gaiety.

Little Beauchateau was not fourteen at the time of his voyage to England, yet he was at the summít of his reputation. At this period, still animated with the desire of knowledge, he embarked at Plymouth on a voyage to Persia, in company of some learned mathematicians.

It has been insinuated that his motive for taking this voyage was the acquisition of riches; but surely this suspicion is unfounded; for if he had felt a passion for wealth, he might have satisfied it in his own country; since it is certain that offices no less lucrative than easy had been offered to his acceptance.

It is conjectured, with more probability, that this literary phenomenon had the intention of studying the oriental languages; as he had shown a taste for them from his childhood, and took a pleasure in hearing Turks or Persians converse. However this may be, Beauchateau and his companions put to sea in 1660; and the second day after their departure, the ship was overtaken by a dreadful tempest, and foundered. The crew saved themselves with the greatest difficulty. Many persons were drowned in a boat, which sunk; and it is presumed that the unfortunate child was of this number, for nothing was heard of him afterwards.

Knowledge and abilities are a powerful recommendation, but they should be free from all affectation, and accom-

panied by modesty. The possessor should, in some sort, be ignorant of them; he should devote them with the greatest politeness to the amusement of society, otherwise they will render him disagreeable, and an object of contempt.

The actor, Beauchateau, in procuring a good education for his son, was above all solicitous that he should by no means value himself upon it. Indeed, notwithstanding the various learning and accomplishments of little Beauchateau, he had all the simplicity of other children; he whipped his top with them, he played in the same manner, and never thought of displaying either his wit or his knowledge.

One day his father took him to dine at the house of a great man, where there were several children of his own

age. During a great part of the entertainment the conversation turned on poetry, music, and the Spanish language. Some ladies, more learned than those of our days, quoted certain passages, which raised a dispute on the sources from which they were taken. Though little Francis knew them perfectly well, he took no notice of it, and chatted with the children of his own age. Dinner being ended, music was mentioned, and the young ladies were requested to touch the harpsichord. They placed themselves, not without a great deal of pressing, at the instrument. After having poorly executed some easy pieces, they were much applauded, and appeared vain of their success. Beauchateau, who played very well, remained quiet by the side of his father, so that the company were far

from suspecting that he was able to obtain the same applause as the young ladies. As these things were going on, a famous Italian musician came in. He knew Francis, whom he had frequently seen at concerts, and with whom he loved to speak Italian. "What!" cried he, "you do not play my friend. Ah, you are a little rogue, to deprive the company of the pleasure of hearing you!" All eyes were then turned on the child, who was confounded with the compliment. He was entreated to sit down to the harpsichord, which he did with the most perfect modesty, accompanying the instrument with several Spanish songs, which he sung with taste and intelligence. When he had done playing, the ladies loaded him with caresses. They then addressed him in Spanish and Italian.

He answered them in the same languages ; he even spoke of the manners, customs, and government of those countries, in such a manner, that every one was delighted, and knew not which to admire most, such rare talents, or so much discretion at so tender an age.

The poetry of Beauchateau is distinguished by gaiety and playfulness of fancy. Some verses published in a periodical journal of that time will serve as a specimen of his sportive vein. They were addressed to the daughter of a confectioner, near the college where he studied. Her name was Julia Desormeaux, and she was almost as much celebrated for talents as himself.

What conquering charms, fair Julia, wait on thee !

Song, dance, and graceful speech in thee combine ;
To touch thy heart how happy should I be !

Still more to touch thy orange cakes divine !

Sitting one day on the lap of a celebrated English lady of rank at Windsor, she asked him for some verses, on which he made the following impromptu, in French and English :

Plac'd on your knee I feel the gods inspire,
Your charms a thousand lays demand ;
But while Apollo tunes my lyre,
My heart is pierc'd by Cupid's hand.

CANDIAC MONTCALM.

CANDIAC MONTCALM was a younger son of the Marquis de Montcalm, and was born at Candiac, near Nimes, in France, in 1719.

Biographers have been diffuse upon his premature erudition ; but unfortunately they have given us no account of his moral character and disposition. This, however, is what renders a man

estimable and valuable in society. Of what importance is the vain enumeration of languages, of plants, of arts, of the history of ancient and modern nations; if all this does not lead us to the knowledge of ourselves, or induce us to promote the happiness of our fellow-creatures? If we here mention this literary phenomenon, it is merely to excite the emulation of our young readers; it is to shew them that, with pains and application, all kinds of science may be acquired from the tenderest years. The Marquis of Montcalm had received from his father a remarkably excellent education : and to procure a similar one for his son was a point which he had much at heart. He knew, by the experience of all ages, that titles of nobility, fortune, and honours, are transitory benefits, but that talents, know-

ledge, and wisdom, have nothing to fear from the caprices of fate, or from the vicissitudes of fortune. Founding his system on this truth, this equally tender and enlightened father procured for his son the best masters that could be found in France; and he did not hesitate, for this object, to incur that expense which others lavish upon superfluities, in contempt of things both honourable and necessary. Unlike those servile followers of the beaten track, who have neither studied nor reflected, and who believe themselves competent to teach because they teach, the instructors of little Candiac simplified for him, with the utmost clearness, the first elements of the sciences. They presented them to him in so many varied and charming forms, that the pupil never manifested any repugnance to learning.

What we frequently touch, what offers itself to our eyes without study and without constraint, easily impresses itself on our memory. In consequence, it occurred to them to trace, upon cards, the different characters of the alphabet. By comparing them together, young Candiac was able to distinguish them at the age of fifteen months; it was sufficient to ask him for a B, an X, or a Z, &c. he ran immediately to seek the letter, and brought it joyfully to the person who had asked for it.

This first step being taken, other means, no less ingenious, were employed, completely to initiate the young pupil in reading.

Full as is the French language of contradictory rules and difficulties, he advanced in it with a rapid pace. It is even asserted that, at the age of three

years, he read and pronounced very well French, Latin, and Greek, whether printed or manuscript. Threats and punishments are unfortunately necessary to make many children study. It was not so with the docile Candiac. Singularly sensible to praise, a kind word, a caress, was sufficient to stimulate his exertions ; and he always performed much more than could be required of him. Such was even his ardour for study, and his insatiable appetite for books, that it was necessary to conceal them from his sight. When he had completed his fourth year, he was instructed in the abstract principles of Latin ; and in ten months he was able to construe the lives of Cornelius Nepos, and Justin's Universal History. Besides the antient languages, he also learned arithmetic, geography,

history, geometry, and antiquities. All these sciences became familiar to him in a short time; his masters could scarcely follow him; and they were no less astonished at the rapidity of his progress than at the justness of his reasoning. At an age when other children scarcely lisp their alphabet, the son of the Marquis de Montcalm had already perused, and even made extracts from historians, orators, philosophers, and grammarians; and his reputation every day increasing, extended far beyond his paternal mansion. Montpellier, Nimes, Uzes, Lyons, Grenoble, Paris itself, paid a just tribute of admiration to so much learning united in so tender a mind. The public papers were filled with flattering accounts of this young phenomenon, and a number of interesting particulars were related of him.

It is with real satisfaction that we have traced the sketch of the studies and literary success of young Candiac ; but it would be much increased, had we any particulars to relate concerning his disposition and his moral conduct. Yet notwithstanding the silence of historians, the life of this illustrious child is perhaps not less interesting in a moral point of view. Can any one have a taste for learning, without uniting to it that sweetness and gentleness of heart and love of virtue, which so exalted a pursuit naturally tends to excite ?

The greater part of men, historians themselves, prize only brilliant talents and the gifts of the understanding. Vain and false estimators of merit ! They scarcely deign to mention the inestimable qualities of the heart and

the soul. Yet without them, what signifies all the genius in the world? Of what importance is knowledge or fame? A virtuous action, an instance of sensibility, the divine ties of endearing friendship, the mere expression of an affectionate sentiment, are infinitely more valuable than the celebrity acquired by ten triumphs.

This early prodigy, however, only appeared for a moment on the scene of the world; whether it was that an excess of watchfulness and application weakened his health, or that he was born with too delicate a constitution, he was cropped in the bud. But such is the prerogative of the understanding, such is the ascendancy of merit, that they are no more measured by years than the virtues of the heart. The labours of this young scholar have

Candiac Montcalm.

gained him immortal glory; and though he died in his infancy, fame has not hesitated to assign him a rank among celebrated men.

The various knowledge, and the reputation of young Candiac, attracted to his father's house a crowd of persons who took pleasure in conversing with him. His father having one day invited five or six scholars of the first rank in learning, the conversation naturally turned upon the sciences. Every one started a question; one in geometry, another on history, another on languages; the timid child was afraid at first, through modesty, to mingle in the conversation; he contained himself within the bounds of a respectful silence, in presence of men of consummate learning, whom he considered his masters; but, being invited to speak

in his turn, he soon proved that he was no stranger to the profound subjects under consideration ; he even made observations which had escaped the other persons present, and which were little expected from one of his age.

Little Montcalm had an astonishing memory, and geography was not less familiar to him than other things. He again surprised all the company with his knowledge of this subject. Having demanded of the guests the name of their province, and the place of their birth, he took some chalk, and began to trace a map of France upon the floor. When his plan was finished, he shewed to every one the spot, the respective situation, the distance, the aspect of his native place; he mentioned the battles which had been fought there, the rivers which watered it, and

the celebrated men to whom it had given birth. He afterwards accompanied this operation with remarks on natural history and antiquities.

A very well informed lady, little dazzled by this vast appearance of learning, imagined that young Candiac was a parrot, who repeated a lesson, and understood nothing but the words. In consequence of this opinion, she put him upon subjects capable of exercising his reason and powers of reflection. Borrowing the language of the dazzled vulgar, she affected to exalt the conquests of Alexander, and the empire of the Romans; after which she asked little Montcalm his opinion of them.

“ This is my opinion,” replied he: “ All those famous warriors were only the scourges of the earth. The Tyrians and Carthaginians, who have

been so much vilified, appear to me far preferable ; they enriched by commerce those flourishing nations which the others destroyed by arms.”—“ My good friend,” pursued the lady, “ you surely will not be so severe on the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards ; and you cannot refuse a just tribute of admiration to the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus ; for, in fact, the sugar and sweetmeats of St. Domingo are excellent things. What do you think ?”—“ This is a great problem to solve,” replied Candiac, in a serious tone ; “ at my age it does not belong to me to decide ; however, I do not believe that we have become richer for the gold of Peru, or happier for wants that we knew not before.”

Charmed with the propriety and good sense of his answers, the lady

took the child in her arms, and looking at the Marquis of Montcalm, she exclaimed: "What an honour, what a comfort, for a father to have a son so well informed and well educated! Ah! could I procure such a son, though at the expense of my whole fortune, I should think myself rich enough with such a treasure!"

A complication of disorders carried off this promising child at the age of seven years, October 8, 1726.

EDWARD THE SIXTH,

KING OF ENGLAND.

THIS excellent prince was the only son of Henry the Eighth, by Lady Jane Seymour, and was born at Hampton Court, October 12, 1537, the queen his mother dying the day after. His

tutors were Dr. Cox and Sir John Cheke, under whom he made a very rapid progress in the languages, and other parts of learning. He also displayed a remarkable sweetness of disposition, and a great regard for virtue and religion even in his most tender years.

At the age of nine he succeeded his father, who by his will left him and the kingdom under the guardianship of sixteen persons of high distinction. The reformation which had been begun by Henry, was carried on with more consistency and sincerity under Edward, who was firmly settled in the doctrines of the protestant religion.

In his reign, the principles of civil and religious liberty were but little understood; yet Edward possessed more generous and enlarged sentiments with

respect to the rights of conscience, than the most grave and learned men of his age: for when one Joan Bocher was condemned to be burnt, for maintaining some notions in religion contrary to the established faith, the young^l repeatedly refused to sign the^{the} warrant. Archbishop Cranmer, otherwise a mild and pious man, urged by many arguments; and having^{other} last prevailed over his resolution, ward emphatically told him, with^{phi-} in his eyes, that “if he did wrong, ^{it} guilt should lie on his head.”

The virtues of his heart were equalled by the accomplishments of his mind. He was well acquainted with the Greek and Latin languages, and could converse fluently, and with considerable ingenuity, in French, Italian, and Spanish. The principles of natural philo-

sophy and mathematics, as far as they were then understood and explained, were familiar to him; so that when the celebrated Cardan was introduced to play, he entered into a long conversation with him on the subject of comets, and concerning which he had much juster years than that ingenious mathema-

AN. Of this Cardan has given us an account in one of his books. "He was fifteen years of age," says that famous man, "when I waited on him: yet he spoke Latin, both as to readiness and phraseology, as well as myself. He asked me what was the subject of my book *De Rerum Varietate*, 'concerning the variety of things,' which I had dedicated to his Majesty. I told him, that in the first chapter I had explained the nature of comets. He asked me what the cause of them was. I told him,

that when the light of the planets happened to meet and centre, they produced this appearance. The king objected, that these stars had different motions, and therefore it would follow that the comets must vary in their figure and motion according to the revolution of the planets, and their different situations from each other."

He afterwards pushed some other objections against Cardan's visionary notion, and completely puzzled the philosopher, according to his own account. Cardan, however, had the candour to acknowledge the high merits of this excellent prince, although he had no expectations from him: and he concludes a long panegyric, by saying, that "his description rather falls short of matter of fact, than exceeds it; and that the young king had such parts,

and was of such expectation, that he looked like the miracle of a man."

Edward employed his time to the best of purposes. He made the improvement of his mind his greatest pleasure; and being born to govern a powerful nation, he applied himself, with indefatigable care and attention, to such studies as might render him most useful in his high station.

He made himself acquainted with the state of his kingdom, and kept a book in which he recorded the characters and public actions of the principal persons in the nation. He regarded chiefly such as were distinguished by their virtuous conduct, eminent talents, and religious principles. He had a competent knowledge of geography; and knowing the value of trade and commerce to a kingdom so situated as

England, he greatly encouraged mercantile men and navigators, who, under his protection, made many voyages, and explored unknown seas and countries, which afterwards proved of considerable importance to this country.

His mental abilities were displayed in a discourse concerning Faith, in Latin, which he addressed to his uncle, the Duke of Somerset; and in a history or diary of his own times, which, with his letters, are still existing, and prove beyond all doubt the extraordinary qualifications and transcendent virtues of this excellent prince.

He possessed too exalted a mind to form low connexions, or to bestow his favours upon unworthy favourites. His pleasures were of the purest kind; and his only ambition was to be virtuous and to do good. Yet the piety of Ed-

ward was cheerful, and unmixed with bigotry. He was pleasant and affable in his deportment; and indulged himself in such amusements and exercises as were suited to his age and rank, particularly music, in which agreeable science he excelled.

His attendance on public worship was constant, and he paid particular attention to the sermons which were preached before him. Of many of these he took notes for his private consideration and advantage. He knew that religion must be attended to as well when we are alone as when we are at church; and that if we would do our duty and please God, we must regard his service and his word in private as well as in public.

Good King Edward, though placed on a throne, and surrounded with pomp,

and pleasure, and flattery, found more comfort and real pleasure in enlarging his mind with valuable knowledge, than in the treasures and splendour of a kingdom; and he experienced the truth of what the wisest of kings said in his proverbs: "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

He was also very assiduous and zealous to do good. Till his time, the condition of the poor in London was very deplorable; and it was much worse after the dissolution of the monasteries, in many of which the sick, infirm, and destitute, found comfort and relief.

Bishop Ridley, who was burnt in the succeeding reign, happening to preach before the king, dwelt very pathetically, in his sermon, upon the duty of charity, and recommended to the con-

sideration of the great the miserable condition of the poor. After the service, his majesty sent for the bishop, and having given him thanks for his excellent discourse, desired him to form a scheme for the permanent maintenance of the poor in London. The bishop accordingly consulted with the lord mayor and aldermen; the result of which was, that the king founded that noble institution of Christ's hospital, for the support and education of orphans; St. Thomas' and St. Bartholomew's Hospitals for the sick; and Bridewell for the correction of the vicious and profligate.

This inestimable prince, whose rare qualifications and shining virtues promised him to be a blessing to this nation, died of a consumption at Greenwich, in 1553, aged sixteen years.

FRANCIS BACON,

LORD VERULAM.

FRANCIS BACON, a great lawyer and statesman, but a much greater philosopher, was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the great seal, which is the same office as that of lord chancellor of England.

The son was born at York-house, in the Strand, in 1561, and in his infancy shewed signs of a happy genius and strong judgment. When he was but a child, he was introduced to Queen Elizabeth, who asked him how old he was ; to which he answered, " that he was two years younger than her majesty's happy reign ;" for the queen was crowned in 1559. This fine compliment gave so much satisfaction to

that discerning queen, that she bestowed many marks of her royal favour upon Mr. Bacon, whom she used to call her “young lord keeper.”

But the dazzling splendours of a court, and the smiles of his sovereign, did not entice him from his studies. His progress in learning was so great, that at the age of twelve years he was sent to the university of Cambridge, where he had for his tutor Dr. Whitgift, who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Under this learned and pious divine, he applied to his books with such uncommon diligence, that before he was sixteen years old, he had gone through the whole circle of the liberal arts and sciences, as they were then taught; besides making a great proficiency in the learned languages and divinity.

His father, the lord keeper, discovering in his son such a ripeness of judgment and virtue, as well as of knowledge, resolved to send him, young as he was, to France, that he might gain an acquaintance with affairs of state. He was accordingly committed to the care of Sir Amias Pawlet, the English ambassador at Paris; and so well did he conduct himself in that situation, as to be sent to England with a commission of importance to the queen, which required both secrecy and dispatch. He executed this honourable trust, with such applause, as gained both him and the ambassador great credit. Our young statesman then returned to France, where he applied himself not only to his studies, but cultivated the friendship of men of learning, and made

many useful observations upon public affairs, as appears from a succinct view of the state of Europe, which he wrote when he was only nineteen.

But while he was thus honourably improving himself abroad in such pursuits as might best answer the expectations entertained of him, the sudden death of his father recalled him to England, where, finding that his portion, owing to the largeness of the family, was but small, he resolved to make the law his profession. He accordingly entered himself a student of Gray's Inn, where, in his twenty-eighth year, he became reader to the society; that is, read lectures upon profound questions in the law. About the same time he was also appointed queen's counsel, but did not receive any substantial preferment or distinction till

the reign of King James the First, when he passed through the offices of solicitor and attorney general, and, finally, that of chancellor, on which occasion he was made a viscount. He died at Highgate, in 1626. His fame for universal learning was so extensive, that in his last illness a French nobleman, of very high distinction, went to pay him a visit, and finding him in bed, with the curtains drawn, "You resemble," said the Marquis, "the angels; we hear those heavenly beings constantly talked of, and we believe them superior to mankind, but we never have the consolation of seeing them." — "If the charity of others," replied the dying philosopher, "compare me to an angel, my own infirmities tell me I am but a man!"

In the midst of his professional em-

ployments, and the fatiguing engagements of state affairs, this great man applied to his studies with unremitted ardour. He was the first who discarded a slavish adherence to theory and hypothesis in philosophy, and laid it down as a maxim, "that in the study of nature we should always proceed, not upon conjecture and theory, but upon experiment alone!"

LADY JANE GREY.

MANY illustrious instances are recorded of female genius; and nothing can be conceived more amiable than a union of mental and personal charms. Beauty alone may please at first sight, but it will cease to afford admiration, unless it is adorned by the accomplishments of an improved understanding, and animated

by a lively virtue and a rational piety. In all these graces the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey was pre-eminently distinguished. She was the daughter of Henry, Marquis of Dorset, and afterwards Duke of Suffolk, by Frances Brandon, niece of Henry the Eighth. From her infancy she exhibited such a remarkable quickness of understanding and love of learning, as have rendered her a prodigy of her sex and age.

She was not only accomplished in needle-work, fair-hand writing, and music, but possessed an uncommon knowledge of the learned languages.

Her parents were haughty and austere in their conduct towards her; so that her studies proved a sweet retreat from the restraint and severity with which she was treated.

The celebrated Ascham, one of the

most learned men of his time, and tutor to Queen Elizabeth, paid her a visit when she was but fourteen years old, at her father's seat in Leicestershire. He found, on his arrival, the rest of the family engaged in hunting the deer in the park; but Lady Jane, regardless of their amusements, was in her room reading the *Phædon* of Plato in Greek. Mr. Ascham expressed his surprise at seeing so young a lady engaged upon an ancient book, while there was so much diversion in the park; to whom she answered, with a sweetness peculiar to herself, that she found more pleasure in reading Plato than in all those amusements. She also spoke with the greatest affection of her tutor, Mr. Aylmer, who, by the gentleness of his manner, rendered his instructions a delight rather than a task.

She was able, at this time, not only to read, but to write Latin and Greek with facility and elegance. She was also acquainted with the French and Italian languages; and in her conversation she discovered a solid judgment joined with a pleasing simplicity of manner and affability of behaviour to all around her. She was also well grounded in the principles of the Christian religion; and no efforts could induce her to renounce the protestant faith, in which she had been educated.

At the age of sixteen she was married to Lord Guildford Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland; a union which proved fatal to both these amiable and illustrious persons.

The ambition of their parents led them to prevail upon king Edward the Sixth, to leave his crown, by his last

will, to Lady Jane Grey, thus cutting off the succession of his two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth. On his death, which was only two months after this marriage, the Duke of Suffolk, accompanied by the Duke of Northumberland, repaired to Durham-house, where the young couple resided, and there both these noblemen fell on their knees, and paying homage to the astonished Lady Jane, informed her of the rank to which she was elevated. Instead of being dazzled and enraptured with this unexpected intelligence, she burst into tears, and pleaded with powerful, but ineffectual eloquence, the superior right of the two princesses. She pointed out with energy the danger of the step, as well as its injustice, but in vain; the two dukes were infatuated, and they called to their assistance the en-

treaties and persuasions of Lord Guildford, her husband. Overcome by the force of parental authority, and the more endearing arguments of a beloved partner, Lady Jane consented to become a queen. But, alas ! her royal career lasted only nine days. The people were displeased with both the dukes, who had more regard to their own ambitious views than to the public welfare, in this alteration of the succession. The cause of Mary was no sooner openly avowed, than it met with general approbation. Lady Jane willingly resigned the royal robes, which she had so reluctantly consented to wear. The Duke of Northumberland was condemned and beheaded ; but Suffolk, though imprisoned, was soon after restored to his liberty. He had, however, the heart-rending agony

to see his virtuous, amiable, and pious daughter, with her husband, suffer on the scaffold, the sad victims of his unjust ambition.

The privy council having resolved to put this ill-fated, but innocent couple to death, notice of it was sent to them in the tower, where they were separately confined. Lady Jane received the dismal tidings with her accustomed mildness and religious resignation. She neither murmured against the sentence, nor complained of those who had brought her into this dreadful situation.

Queen Mary, a blind bigot to the Romish religion, and as superstitious as she was cruel, sent persons to the unfortunate young lady, to persuade her to change her religion. But Lady Jane had not cultivated her mind in

vain. Her principles were those of truth and conviction. She defended them with strength and firmness; yet with meekness and Christian charity. The evening before her death she wrote a letter in the Greek language to her sister, Lady Catherine Grey, and at the same time she sent to her a Greek Testament.

On the fatal morning, her husband desired to see her before he went to the scaffold. But she prudently declined; alleging as her reason for refusing his tender request, that the interview would overcome them. She, however, gave him a parting token from her window as he passed; and she possessed sufficient courage to behold his dear remains brought back, on which occasion she wrote three sentences in Greek, Latin, and English, in her me-

morandum book, which she presented to the lieutenant of the tower. Her turn being now come, she ascended the scaffold with a composed countenance, and an unshaken firmness; and having addressed the spectators in a calm but pathetic speech, in which she expressed her willingness to die, she laid her head upon the block, and received the fatal stroke, February 12, 1554. So fell, without any guilt of her own, the all-accomplished and most exemplary Lady Jane Grey, at the age only of seventeen, deserving of a better fate; and though she wore not the crown, which was so imprudently and unjustly obtained for her, yet she will ever be remembered as a model of female excellence, and doubtless her virtues procured for her a "crown of unfading lustre in the kingdom of heaven, which passeth not away."

EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES,

COMMONLY CALLED

THE BLACK PRINCE.

THIS gallant hero, whose name has descended with lustre to our times, and will continue to be gloried in by Englishmen to distant ages, was the eldest son of king Edward III, and born in 1330. He was trained to deeds of arms from his childhood, and distinguished himself by his military prowess so early as to receive the honours of knighthood at the age of fifteen. He accompanied his father in his expedition against France; and at the famous battle of Cressy, in 1346, he was placed at the head of the first line of the English army, in which situation he fought with uncommon valour,

though opposed by superior numbers. Being hard pressed by the French, a messenger was sent to request succour of the king, who was posted on a hill, where he anxiously contemplated the bravery and conduct of his son. Edward inquired if the prince was unhurt and maintained his ground; and on being answered in the affirmative: "Go," said he, "tell him that I leave the glory of this day entirely to him; that I trust he will show himself worthy of the knighthood with which he has been honoured." The prince, on receiving his father's mandate, redoubled his efforts, routed the French in all directions, and remained master of the field of battle. When the victory was won, the king hastened to his arms, and bestowed upon him the highest praises. It was on this occa-

sion that the prince assumed as his crest the plume of feathers, with the motto of *Ich dien*, or *I serve*, which had belonged to the king of Bohemia, who was slain in the battle. This crest and the motto have continued attached to the arms of the Princes of Wales ever since.

In 1356, this brave youth defeated John, King of France, near Poitiers. The French monarch being taken prisoner, was conducted to the tent of the prince, who went out to meet him with every expression of sympathy and respect. He also caused a repast to be served up, at which he waited behind the king, whom he treated rather as his master than his captive: and all the other prisoners experienced the prince's humanity and generosity in the most distinguished manner. Thus

do truly, heroic minds always blend benevolence with courage; and soften the calamities of war with acts of kindness and condescension.

Edward conveyed the French king to England, and they made their entry into London together, the monarch royally dressed, and the prince riding by his side on a palfrey as his attendant.

The appellation of the Black Prince was given to this renowned warrior, who was the darling of the English nation, on account of the colour of his armour. He died of a consumption in 1376, leaving an only son, who became king by the title of Richard the Second.

BLAISE PASCAL.

EXTRAORDINARY geniuses are rare productions. But Providence is pleased sometimes to produce them, that we may be informed of what vast excellencies the human mind is capable, as well as to what an exalted height pre-eminent virtue, when united to brilliant talents, can elevate a man.

A more striking example of this cannot easily be adduced than that of the celebrated Pascal; the early quickness and comprehensive reach of whose understanding, the strength and ability of whose judgment, and above all the singular humility, patience, and charity of whose life, have been equalled by few, and not exceeded by any.

He was born at Clermont, the capi-

tal of the province of Auvergne, in France, in 1623. His father, Stephen Pascal, was a man of great learning, particularly in the mathematics; and so great was his affection for this child, that he quitted the valuable office of president of the court of aids, in the province where he lived, that he might superintend his son's education in person at Paris. This excellent father perceived the early genius which dawned in the mind of his offspring, and he was resolved to cultivate it with care and diligence. In his very infancy young Pascal manifested proofs of an extraordinary sagacity; he always desired to have a reason for every thing; and would never submit to any point, or assertion, the truth of which was not made clear to him; so that when sufficient good reasons were not given him,

he would search for them himself; and whenever he applied to any subject, he never left the consideration of it till he had found some reasons that were satisfactory to his mind.

His father devoted his whole time to his son's education; and he had the pleasure to perceive that his instructions were gladly received and wonderfully improved. So rapid, indeed, was his progress, and so strong was his inclination to matters that required close *reasoning*, that his father being fearful it would prevent his learning the languages, resolved to conceal from him the mathematics; and accordingly locked up all his books which treated of that science, and even forbore, as much as he could, the speaking of it in conversation. But as he was sometimes visited by mathematicians, it was im-

possible to avoid discoursing sometimes upon geometrical subjects. The son's curiosity was so importunate to know what geometry was, that the father could not refuse to tell him, in general terms, that "Geometry is a science which teaches the method of making figures with truth and exactness, and finding out the proportions which they bear to one another." At the same time Mr. Pascal strictly commanded him never to speak or think any more upon the subject.

Though this definition was very vague and obscure, it made a deep impression upon the inquisitive mind of the youth, who was then no more than twelve years old. From this slight beginning he began to reflect and to meditate, when alone; and during the hours allowed for recreation, he accus-

tomed himself to draw figures with charcoal on the floor and wainscot of the room. Though he had no instruments or copies, he formed squares, circles, and triangles, and endeavoured to find out their proportions.

Yet while thus employed, he was not acquainted with the names of the figures which he described; but called a circle a round, a line a bar, and so on. He then formed axioms, laid down principles, and connected things in such a manner by reasoning, that he performed demonstrations. He first discovered the properties of the sections of lines, those of parallel lines; some belonging to triangles; and at length arrived, by a chain of truths and consequences, at the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid: so that in one sense, considering that all

this was carried on and effected without any assistance, he may very justly be considered as an inventor of geometrical science. It happened one day, while he was busily engaged in these meditations, his father entered the room. Young Pascal was at first rather frightened at this sudden interruption, considering the prohibition which had been passed against his application to geometry; but the gentle manner with which his father surveyed his operations, and asked what he had been doing, gave him encouragement. He replied, that he was searching for such a thing, meaning the proposition just mentioned.

Though this answer greatly surprised his father, he did not express any signs of the admiration which it occasioned in his mind. He still continued to ask



CANDIAC MONTCALM
evincing his proficiency in Geography.



questions. The first was, what had made him think of this? The child replied, that he had first discovered such a thing, which had led him to such another. Thus, by going back, still explaining himself by his names of bars and rounds, he came down to the axioms and definitions which he had imagined. Mr. Pascal was so astonished at the force of his son's genius, that he quitted him without being able to utter another word. He went immediately to the house of one of his intimate friends, named M. le Pailleur, who was a good mathematician, to communicate to him his joy, or rather his surprize; but he was so overcome, that, on his arrival, he remained motionless, and the tears flowed from his eyes. M. le Pailleur, alarmed at his situation, begged him to communicate the cause of

his affliction, thinking very naturally that he must have suffered some severe loss. "I do not weep from grief," replied Mr. Pascal, "but from joy. You know," added he, "the pains that I have taken to conceal from my son the knowledge of geometry, for fear of its diverting him from his other studies. Yet hear what he has done!" He then related all that had passed, and the discoveries which the child had made. M. le Pailleur, equally astonished at this prodigy, advised him no longer to conceal any thing from his son, but to put into his hand Euclid's Elements.

Pascal read and understood this sublime book of geometry, without any explanation, with the greatest facility and satisfaction. His mind, attentive to every thing, suffered no remarkable

fact to escape without a careful examination. He always directed himself to a discovery of its cause, and occupied himself about nothing else till he had made himself master of the subject. One day at table some person having struck an earthenware-plate with a knife, he observed that a sound was produced which ceased as soon as the hand was laid on the plate. He repeated this experiment, and made several others on the same subject. He remarked so many things in his researches, that he formed a little treatise on sounds. His father carried this work to an assembly of learned men, to which he went regularly every week; and these gentlemen admired it so much, that they earnestly requested to have his son for a member of their society. The new comer endeavoured

to deserve this favour by his productions. He brought as many new pieces as any of the members, and sometimes discovered errors in the propositions under examination, which men of great learning and discernment had overlooked.

Yet all this while he only employed the hours allowed him for recreation in the study of mathematics; for he was then learning the languages under the direction of his father. But finding in geometry, demonstration and truth, which he was passionately fond of in all things, he made such a rapid progress in it, that he wrote at sixteen years of age a treatise on Conic Sections, which, in the judgment of persons of the greatest abilities, was looked upon as an astonishing effort of the human mind. It was thought that no such instance

of genius had ever been known since the time of Archimedes, the wonderful mathematician of Syracuse, who used to say, "Give me a place to stand on, and I will, by the power of mechanical instruments, move the world."

At nineteen years of age, our admirable youth found out an excellent arithmetical machine, by which calculations of every kind are not only made without the help of the pen, but without a person's knowing a single rule in arithmetic. He proceeded thus to improve, not only in the mathematics, but in every other branch of learning, till the age of twenty-four, when he applied his mind almost entirely to divinity; but he never concerned himself with such religious questions as were merely of a curious nature. He employed the whole power and strength

of the faculties of his mind in learning and practising the perfections of christian morality; to which he consecrated all the extraordinary talents which God had bestowed upon him.

His humility was so remarkable, that the clergyman who attended him during his last illness, used constantly to say, "He is a child; he is as humble and submissive as a little child!" Through this virtue he allowed people to tell him freely of his faults, and he followed implicitly all sound and proper advice which was given to him.

Nor was his charity less conspicuous than his humility: his whole life was devoted to it, and he willingly retrenched his expenses within very moderate bounds, that he might be enabled to give more liberally to the poor.

He behaved with the utmost mild-

ness towards those who did him any acts of unkindness; so that he never made any difference between such persons and the rest of the world; and forgot so entirely any injuries he received, that he could not be brought to remember the particulars of them. And when any of his friends expressed their surprise, that one who had so extraordinary a memory in other respects, should be so forgetful in this, he would say, "Don't wonder at it; it is no virtue in me; it is nothing but forgetfulness; and I assure you I have not the least idea of what you have been speaking to me about."

We perceive by this, that such injuries as related to his person, made little impression upon him, since he forgot them so easily; for otherwise his memory was so excellent, that he used to

say he had never forgot any particular which he was desirous of remembering. What is said of Cæsar by Cicero may well be applied to Mr. Pascal: “ You never forgot any thing but *injuries* !” Happy forgetfulness ! what a source of comfort is it thus to preserve the mind free from the consideration of what can, at best, only produce uneasiness !

Wearied out with illness, which he endured with exemplary patience and resignation, this sublime genius and elevated christian philosopher relinquished the frail tabernacle of the flesh, and entered on the joys of immortality, August 19, 1662.

PETER GASSENDI.

If it be curious and satisfactory to a lover of nature to watch the development of a plant or an insect, it would be still more so for the thoughtful and attentive philosopher to watch the first rays of intelligence in a child, and the first emotions of the heart. It may perhaps be conjectured what a man will be in the evening of his life by studying its morning.

These reflections were suggested to the mind on reading a very pleasing circumstance related in the life of the celebrated Gassendi, a French philosopher and divine of the highest reputation.

He was born on the 22d of January, 1592, at Chantersier, a little village of

Provence, in France. His father's name was Anthony Gassend, and his mother's Frances Fabre. They were worthy people, more distinguished by the probity and gentleness of their manners than by their birth and situation. Their son was called Peter Gassend, a name which the learned have changed into that of Gassendi, by which he is now known. Gassendi could scarcely speak when he caught all that he heard, adding to it things that he imagined himself. At the age of four years he declaimed little sermons. As he grew bigger, the scenes of nature made a strong impression upon him. He was particularly sensible to the magnificence of a starry sky. When only seven years old, he felt a secret charm in the contemplation of the stars, and, without the

knowledge of his parents, he sacrificed his sleep to this pleasure. One evening a dispute arose between him and his young companions about the motion of the moon and that of the clouds. His friends insisted that the clouds were still, and that it was the moon which moved. He maintained, on the contrary, that the moon had no sensible motion, and that it was the clouds which passed so swiftly. His reasons produced no effect on the minds of the children, who trusted to their own eyes rather than to any thing that could be said on the subject. It was therefore necessary to undeceive them by means of their eyes. For this purpose Gassendi took them under a tree, and made them observe that the moon still appeared between the same leaves, &c.



while the clouds sailed far away out of sight.

His father was so struck with these happy dispositions, that he resolved to cultivate them. He accordingly spoke to the clergyman of his parish, who engaged to teach him the rudiments of learning. This was the food that the mind of young Gassendi demanded; and he applied to study with so much ardour, that not contented with working in the day, he also studied during part of the night by the light of the church lamp. His progress was extremely rapid. At the end of three years he understood and spoke Latin with elegance. The Bishop of Digne coming upon a visitation to Chanter-sier, Gassendi, who was then only ten harangued him in Latin with

so much grace and vivacity, that the prelate, equally surprised and charmed with his premature talents, said aloud ; “ That child will one day be the wonder of his time, and before he has attained the age of maturity, he will be a cause of admiration to the learned.”

This prediction was realized: for he was engaged to teach rhetoric at Digne when he was no more than sixteen years old; and before he was twenty he was appointed professor of philosophy in the university of Aix. In this situation his lectures gained him extensive fame and crowded audiences; though he had to encounter some opposition on account of the ability with which he refuted the absurd principles of philosophy and useless subtleties of the schools, which were universal in his time.

Gassendi entered into holy orders, and became doctor and rector of the cathedral church of Digne. His vast knowledge of philosophy and mathematics was ornamented by a sincere belief of the christian religion, and a life formed upon its principles and precepts. This enabled him to meet death with calm composure; for a little before he expired, he desired his secretary to lay his hand upon his heart, which, when he had done, and said that it beat low and feeble, "You see," said the dying christian philosopher, "you see how frail is the life of man!" He died in 1655.

JAMES CRICHTON,

COMMONLY CALLED

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

THIS celebrated person, concerning whom the most surprising things are recorded, was born in Scotland in 1560. His father was lord advocate of that kingdom, and his mother was of the royal family of Stuart. He received his education at Perth and St. Andrews; though, according to some accounts, he had the celebrated George Buchanan for his tutor, in which case Crichton must have been a fellow pupil with James the First.

Though this circumstance is not very credible, it is, however, certain that his education was most liberal; and, by the time he had reached his

twentieth year, he was master of ten languages, and had gone through the whole circle of sciences as they were then understood.

Nor was his fame confined to merely literary accomplishments. He was distinguished by his uncommon strength, and agility in athletic exercises. In fencing, he could spring at one bound the length of twenty feet on his antagonist, and could use the sword in either hand with equal skill. He possessed also a very fine voice, and played well on musical instruments. To these various accomplishments were added the advantages of a handsome person, and a remarkably fine countenance; circumstances undoubtedly of no value, unless they happen to be united with virtue and mental talents.

Thus qualified, Crichton set out on

his travels ; and, on his arrival at Paris, he publicly set up a challenge on the college gate, in which he invited all the learned men of the university to dispute with him on a certain day, and giving his opponents, whoever they might be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the sciences.

He is said to have spent the interval not in reading, but amusements, whereby he brought upon himself the contempt of the students, who regarded him as an impudent braggadocio, and they scrupled not to publish the most bitter sarcasms and epigrams upon his character and pretensions.

But Crichton soon covered his calumniators with confusion. On the day appointed he appeared in presence of three thousand persons, whom curiosity had drawn to the college to wit-

ness this singular phænomenon. There, after a disputation of nine hours against fifty-four of the most learned men of the university, he silenced his antagonists, and was presented with a diamond and a purse of gold, amidst the loudest acclamations. Every passion which had agitated the minds of the members of the university against him, was now changed into admiration; and one of his opponents had the candour to confess, that Crichton, who now obtained the appellation of "admirable," gave proofs of knowledge almost more than human. It is added, that so little was our young champion fatigued with this uncommon exercise, that the next day he attended a tilting match, where, in the presence of the court of France, he bore away the prize on his lance fifteen times successively.

We next find Crichton at Rome, where he set up a writing in the most public places of the city, offering to dispute on any subject that should be offered, without any previous intimation of the subject. In a city so famous for scholastic learning and wit, a challenge that bore such apparent marks of presumption could not escape ridicule. He was considered as a literary empiric, and the place of his residence was pointed out to such as wished to see his exhibitions: but Crichton, not at all daunted, entered the lists which he had sought; and, in the presence of the pope and his cardinals, bore away the palm of victory.

Leaving Rome, he directed his course to Venice; and, if we may judge from some of his Latin verses still extant, which he composed on this occasion,

notwithstanding all the reputation which he had acquired, he was either distressed in mind, or laboured under some embarrassment in pecuniary matters. But, becoming acquainted with the celebrated scholar Aldus Manutius, he was in a great measure relieved from his difficulties, and introduced by him to the literati of that city. He had also the honour of attracting the notice of the doge and senate, before whom he pronounced an unpremeditated oration with such dignified eloquence, that he received the thanks of that illustrious body, and was universally considered as a prodigy of human nature.

From Venice, Crichton went to Padua, then accounted one of the finest universities in Europe. Here he held another disputation, beginning with an extemporaneous poem in praise of the

place and his auditors ; and, after disputing six hours with the most celebrated professors, whom he foiled on every subject which was started, he concluded, to the astonishment of every hearer, with another extemporaneous poem in praise of ignorance.

Amidst all these laurels, he continued his pursuit of pleasure with the same eagerness as if it had been his sole study. So contradictory were his merits, and such was the versatility of his talents, that he became the subject of envy as much as of admiration. His fame and success raised him numerous enemies, who endeavoured not only to blacken his moral character, but also to depreciate his literary reputation.

Crichton was not insensible of this ; and therefore, to silence his detractors, he set up a public paper in the uni-

versity, offering to prove that there were innumerable errors in the works of Aristotle and his interpreters : at the same time challenging all men to dispute with him in any of the sciences, engaging himself to answer all questions, and to repel any objections, either logically, mathematically, or in extemporaneous verse. This strange and unequal contest he is said to have maintained three days successively, without suffering any fatigue ; at the end of which, he came off completely a victor over all his opponents.

The literary fame of the admirable Crichton had now spread over all Italy ; and, when he came to Mantua, he had an opportunity of signalizing himself by a feat of arms. A prize-fighter, after defeating the most celebrated masters in Europe, had fixed his

residence, for a time, in Mantua, where he had already killed three persons who had entered the lists against him. The grand duke, therefore, began to regret that he had granted his protection to this licensed murderer; which reaching the ears of Crichton, he was fired with the ambition of ridding the world of such a sanguinary monster, and offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and to mount the stage against him. With some reluctance the prince consented; and, every thing being prepared, this single combat was exhibited before the assembled court, and an immense concourse of spectators. Their weapon seems to have been the single rapier, then just introduced into Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great impetuosity, while Crichton contented himself with parrying his thrusts, and

suffered him to exhaust his own vigour, before he attempted to charge. At last, watching his opportunity, Crichton became the assailant, and pressed upon his antagonist with such force and agility, that he ran him thrice through the body, and saw him expire. He then generously divided the prize which he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The duke of Mantua conceived the highest esteem for this illustrious stranger, and made choice of him for preceptor to his son, Vincentio di Gonzaga, a prince of dissolute manners and a turbulent disposition. The appointment was highly acceptable to the court; and Crichton, to evince his gratitude, and to contribute to the amusement of his patrons, composed, we are told, a comedy, in which he exposed

and ridiculed all the principal foibles of the age, with the most poignant satire and propriety of application ; and in this play he himself exhibited fifteen different characters, with such ease and grace, that he appeared every time to be a different person.

But the time was now approaching, in which it was proved, that, with all his endowments, Crichton was no more than mortal. Roving about the streets one night, during the carnival, and playing on the guitar, he was attacked by six men in masks. His courage did not desert him on this occasion ; he opposed them with such spirit and adroitness, that they were glad to fly ; and their leader, being disarmed, threw off his mask, and begged his life. How must it have wounded the sensibility and confounded the reason of Crichton,

to discover, in the person of an assassin, the prince, his pupil ! Instead of granting the forfeited boon of life, which was all that ought to have been required, he fell on his knees, apologized for his mistake, and, presenting the sword to Gonzaga, told him he was always master of his existence, and needed not to have sought his death by treachery. The brutal prince, irritated by the affront which he had received, or, as some say, stung with jealousy, grasped the proffered instrument, and plunged it in his tutor's heart.

Thus fell the admirable Crichton, in the bloom of youth, at the age of twenty-two, by the hands of the man who owed to him his life. The court of Mantua testified their esteem for his memory by a public mourning, and the most ingenious poets expressed their

grief in numerous elegiac compositions: and for a long time afterwards his picture decorated the chambers and galleries of the Italian nobility, representing him on horseback, with a lance in one hand, and a book in the other.

HUGO GROTIUS.

FEW names on the roll of learning are entitled to greater reverence than that of the illustrious Grotius. His works not only display the profoundness of his erudition, and the strength of his genius, but they have been found of abundant service to the best interests of mankind. They have had the effect of abridging the contentions of nations, as well as of improving the minds of individuals.

This great man was born at Delft, in Holland, in 1583. His father, John Grotius, or *de Grot*, was a burgomaster of that city, and curator of the university of Leyden. Hugo came into the world with the happiest dispositions. Nature had bestowed upon him great penetration, a solid judgment, and a wonderful memory. His father, who was a man of virtue and learning, omitted nothing that could contribute to the cultivation of these good qualities. He became his first tutor, and gave equal attention to the forming his understanding and his heart. His intention was rather to make him a good than a learned man; but he had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing his son unite both qualities, and to be universally esteemed for his talents and his virtues.

At the age of eight years Grotius gave striking proofs of his progress in learning, by some elegiac verses in Latin, which induced his father to place him under Mr. Utengobard, a celebrated divine, at the Hague. At the age of twelve years he was removed to the university of Leyden, where he had the learned Francis Junius for his tutor.

This worthy man presented him to the renowned Joseph Scaliger, the ornament of that university, and famous throughout the whole world. That learned man conversed with him a considerable time, and was so astonished at his prodigious capacity and attainments, that he condescended to direct his studies. Young Grotius shewed himself worthy of the lessons of so great a master. A year after his arrival at the university, he maintained pub-

lic theses in mathematics, philosophy, and law, with general applause. Hence we may judge with what assiduity he pursued his studies: he spent part of the night in them; for his ardour was such, that he never found the day long enough. The motto he adopted, *Hora ruit*, shews that he had reflected on the "swiftness of time," and the necessity of "employing it well."

So vigorous and constant an application gained him an infinite stock of learning. His reputation spread every where, and the most learned men spoke of him in their works as a phænomenon of erudition. At the early age of fourteen, he ventured to form plans which required an amazing extent of knowledge: and he executed them in such perfection, that the literary world was struck with astonishment. But as

he did not publish these works till after his return from France, we shall defer giving an account of them till we have first spoken of his journey thither. He had a strong inclination to see that kingdom; and accordingly he took the opportunity of the Dutch ambassador, Barneveldt's, going thither on an extraordinary mission.

On his arrival at Paris, our learned youth found he was advantageously known there before. He was sought after by all men of letters, and by several persons of high distinction. In particular, Mr. Buzanval, who had been ambassador in Holland, where he had formed an acquaintance with him, now introduced him to the king, who was Henry IV. That great prince received him very graciously; and, as a mark of his esteem, presented him

with his picture, suspended to a gold chain.

Grotius, while at Paris, was created doctor of laws; and after seeing the most distinguished persons for their rank and learning, returned to Holland extremely well pleased with his journey.

On our author's return to his own country, while the study of law and poetry employed one part of his time, he spent the other in publishing the works which he had prepared for the press. The first he gave to the world was an edition of Martianus Capella. This is one of those obscure writers who are commonly not read till we have nothing else to learn. The title of his work is, "On the Union between Mercury and Philology." The style is remarkably perplexed, and the subjects treated, at

most unintelligible. John Grotius getting possession of the manuscript, put it into the hands of Scaliger, who desired the son to study it, and publish a new edition.

Though Grotius was then only fourteen, the difficulty of the undertaking did not discourage him: he read all the works that had relation to the matters treated of by Capella, and at last acquitted himself of the task laid upon him by Scaliger with such ability and success, as astonished the learned world.

This work appeared in 1599; and men of the greatest name expressed their surprize to see a child of about fifteen produce that which would have done honour to the greatest scholars of the age.

The same year Grotius translated

into Latin a book which discovered as much knowledge of the abstract sciences in particular, as the edition of Capella did of his learning in general. This was a Treatise on Navigation, by Stevinus, one of the greatest mathematicians of his time. Grotius dedicated his translation to the republic of Venice. The original was the standard book of all officers in the navy; and Grotius, who was sensible of its great value and importance to all maritime nations, thought he could not do a more useful or acceptable service than by translating it into a language universally understood. In order to do the work justice by a faithful version, he was obliged to study astronomy, which is one of the principal foundations of navigation. By this means he acquired a partiality for that sublime



FRANCES MARIA
saving her Brother from the Wolves.



science, and he read carefully several astronomical works, particularly that written in Greek verse by Aratus, above two hundred years before our Saviour. It contains the celestial Phænomena, with the figures of the constellations, according to the antient astronomers, and is remarkable for being quoted by St. Paul in his famous sermon at Athens, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.

Grotius found this work so very curious, that he translated it into Latin, and published it in 1600. It was received with the greatest applause, and was celebrated by many learned men as a most extraordinary production. Among others who paid the just tribute of respect to Grotius on this occasion, was the eminent Justus Lipsius, who, in his letter to him, says, "That not-

withstanding his childhood, he regards him as his friend; and congratulates him, that though so very young, he had, by the force of genius and industry, accomplished what few could do in the flower and vigour of their age."

Our philosopher was yet but eighteen years of age, and had already acquired as much glory as the most famous scholars. He was reckoned a prodigy of learning; and had made a great progress in various sciences. Perhaps no one would have thought that such a genius, engaged in abstract and profound studies, could be susceptible of the charms of polished composition, and the charms of poetry. He had, indeed, made some verses in his infancy, which were much admired; but it was apprehended that the deep study of antient authors, to which he devot-

ed himself, had destroyed this early fire of his imagination.

It therefore surprized all men of letters when he published some elegant Latin poems, particularly the *Protopœia*, in which he describes pathetically the siege of Ostend. Public fame ascribed at first this piece to Scaliger, who was considered as the first poet of that period. The learned Peiresk put the question to that great man, who made answer, that he was too old to keep up an intercourse with the muses; and that this admirable poem was not written by him, but by Grotius, a most ingenious and accomplished youth.

These juvenile productions of his muse were thought so excellent, that several persons, especially the celebrated Malherbe, translated them into

French verse, and the learned Casaubon into Greek.

This success animated Grotius to further exertions, and he accordingly wrote a Latin tragedy, called *Adamus Exul*; and another entitled *Christus Patiens*. This last was translated into English verse by George Sandys, and was greatly admired. The subject of his third piece was the story of Joseph, which the accurate Vossius pronounced to be the most perfect thing of its kind that had ever appeared.

Amidst all these literary pursuits, he did not neglect those studies which were necessary to the profession of an advocate, for which he was destined: and he made so great a progress, that at the age of seventeen he pleaded his first cause at Delft with the greatest reputation.



His abilities were now so highly esteemed, that the United Provinces appointed him their historiographer. Several great persons had used their interest to obtain this honourable situation; and among the rest Baudius, the famous professor of eloquence at Leyden. The States, however, thought proper to prefer Grotius; and it deserves notice, that Baudius himself approved of their choice; a circumstance highly honourable to the candour and generosity of the professor, and to the pre-eminent talents of his youthful competitor.

In 1607 he was nominated to the important office of advocate-general for the provinces of Holland and Zealand.

The year following he married a lady of distinction, and who has rendered

herself celebrated for her connubial virtue and heroism.

Grotius went on to render his country service by his abilities in his profession, and the glory of his literary works.

But in 1609 he became obnoxious to the states-general, for espousing the cause of Arminius, a learned professor and divine of Leyden, who publicly opposed the rigid doctrine of predestination, which then prevailed in the low countries.

This religious dispute was carried to such a height, that the Arminians, as they were named, were persecuted; and Barneveldt, a virtuous statesman, who took their part, was beheaded. Grotius, his friend, was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, because he would not believe an absurd doctrine.

He was sent to the castle of Louves-

tein, and only his wife was allowed to visit him. In this melancholy situation he called philosophy to his aid, and it gave his mind that sweet content which renders a man superior to the greatest adversity. He devoted himself to the study of the sublimest truths, and laid the foundation of his immortal work on the Truth of the Christian Religion.

While he was thus employed, his wife was engaged in attempts to procure his liberty. After trying various expedients, she happily hit on one which succeeded. Grotius had been allowed to borrow books, which, when he had done with them, were carried away in a chest. At first, this chest was searched as it was carried out of the castle, but at length the guards were so accustomed to it, that they omitted this formality. Grotius's wife

took advantage of this negligence. She caused some air holes to be bored in the side of the chest, and made her husband get into it. In this manner he was conveyed out of the castle ; but one of the soldiers who carried it, finding it heavier than usual, said, " There must be an Arminian in it : " to which Madam Grotius replied coolly, " That indeed there were some Arminian books in it." When the chest was brought out of the castle, it was put into a boat, and conveyed to the house of a friend. Grotius then got out, and removed out of the territories of his enemies. In the mean time, his wife was kept in close confinement ; but at last she obtained her liberty.

Grotius went to France, where he was received in a manner due to his extraordinary merit. He was afterwards

invited to the court of Sweden; and in 1635 was sent ambassador from thence to Paris, which important office he discharged with high satisfaction to his employers.

This great man died at Rostock, on his journey to Lubeck, August 29, 1645. Finding his end drawing nigh, he desired to see a clergyman; one accordingly came, who, not knowing him, put such questions as were usual to the most ordinary persons. Grotius, to cut short this mode of exhortation, said to him, "I am Grotius."—"What!" answered the minister in astonishment, "are you the GREAT GROTIUS!" Soon afterwards he expired. His works are universally known, and will last for ever.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THIS ingenious poet was born in St. Dunstan's parish, London, in the year 1618. His father died before the birth of this son, who was left to the care of his mother. This excellent woman struggled hard to procure for her child a literary education; and, as she lived to the age of eighty, had her solicitude rewarded, by seeing her son eminent; and it is to be hoped, by seeing him fortunate, partook of his prosperity. We know, at least, from his earliest biographer, that he always acknowledged her care, and justly paid the dues of filial gratitude.

In the window of his mother's apartment lay Spenser's poem of the Fairy Queen, in which young Cowley very

early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. Such, says Dr. Johnson in his *Life of Cowley*, are the accidents which sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called genius. The true genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction. Sir Joshua Reynolds; the great painter, had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's *Treatise on Painting*.

By his mother's solicitation Cowley was admitted a king's scholar of Westminster school, where he is stated as having been so deficient in memory, as

to be incapable of retaining the ordinary rules of the Latin grammar. But Dr. Johnson treats this assertion with just contempt; for as Cowley became an elegant classical scholar, and wrote the Latin language with purity, both in prose and verse, he could not be ignorant of its rules, though he was such an enemy to all constraint, that his master could never prevail on him to learn the rules without book.

His literary attainments, however, were most honourable both to his genius and his application; for at the early age of fifteen, a volume of his poems, under the appropriate title of "*Poetical Blossoms*," was printed, containing, among other compositions, "*The Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe*," written when he was only ten

years old ; and “ *Constantia and Philletus*,” written two years after.

While he was yet at school, he also produced a comedy, called “ *Love’s Riddle*,” but it was not published till he had been some time at the university.

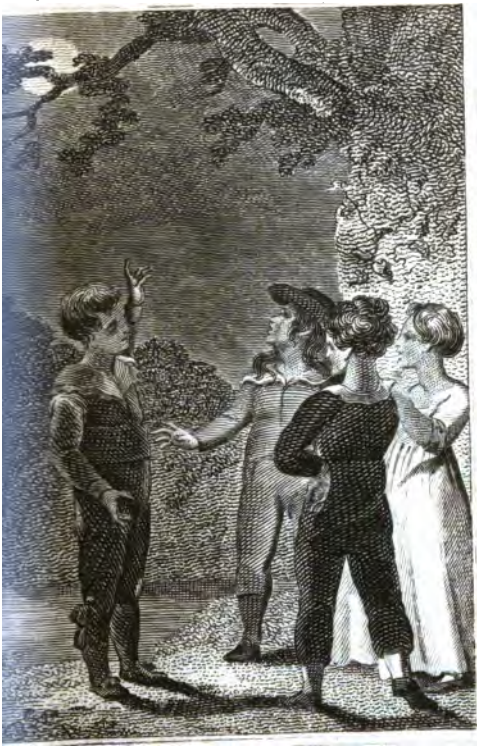
In 1636 he was elected a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, in which favourable situation a genius like his could not fail of obtaining distinction. While a young student he produced a Latin comedy, entitled “ *Naufragium Joculare*,” which was acted before the university by the members of his college. He also wrote at this time a great part of his “ *Davideis*,” or a poem on the History of David. This, says Dr. Johnson, is a work of which the materials could not have been collected without the study of many years,

but by a mind of the greatest vigour and activity.

Cowley continued at Cambridge, where he took his degree of master of arts, till the rebellion in 1643, and the visitation of that university by the puritanical visitors, occasioned him to retire to Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his loyalty, and gained the kindness and confidence of those who attended on the king, particularly the accomplished Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland.

When the events of that calamitous war obliged the queen of Charles I. to leave the kingdom, Cowley accompanied her to France.

At the restoration of Charles the Second, he became a member of the Royal Society; and having obtained a farm at Chertsey, in Surry, he lived there re-



PETER GASSENDI

Demonstrating the motion of the Moon.



tired from the political world, and died at the age of 49, July 28, 1667. His remains were interred amidst a honourable attendance of persons of distinction, in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory. So excellent was his moral character, that the king, on being informed of his death, declared, "Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England."

The poetry of Cowley is too metaphysical and affected for the taste of the present age, and therefore is seldom read. There are, however, numerous beauties scattered throughout his works, of which the following is a happy specimen :

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise:
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream that stopp'd him shall be gone,
Which runs, and, as it runs, for ever shall run on.

It is a high commendation of Cowley, that in a period marked by great licentiousness, and when all the leading wits and poets fell into the corrupt taste, his works are distinguished by the love and praise of virtue and religion.

JOHN PHILIP BARATIER.

THIS wonderful youth, who was just exhibited by Providence upon the stage of life, to shew the extensive powers of the human mind, and then disappeared, as if fitted for a higher sphere, was born in 1721, at Schwobach, near Nuremburg, in the Margraviate of Brandenburg Anspach. His father was minister of the French church at that place, having fled from France on

account of his being a protestant, at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He was a man of great piety and learning, and undertook himself the education of his son, who made so great a progress under his instructions, that at the age of five years he is said to have understood the Greek, Latin, German, and French languages. His father, surprised and delighted with his uncommon genius, next proceeded to teach him Hebrew, and in less than a year he was able to read the historical books of the Bible in that tongue. At the age of nine years he could translate any part of the Hebrew scriptures into Latin, and even re-translate those versions into Hebrew, an attainment which is almost incredible. At the same age he could repeat by heart the Hebrew Psalter, without

having taken any other pains to commit it to memory than by frequently reading it with his father. Before he had completed his tenth year, he drew up a Hebrew lexicon, of uncommon and difficult words, to which he added many curious critical remarks.

In 1731 Baratier was admitted a member of the university of Altdorf. The same year he wrote in French a letter to M. Le Maitre, minister of the French church at Schwobach, on a new edition of the Bible, Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Rabbinical, which letter was published in a German Literary Journal.

The Margrave of Anspach in 1734 settled upon him a pension of fifty florins a year, and allowed him the free use of the books in his library. The fruits of his industry appeared in a translation from the Hebrew, with

historical and critical notes, and dissertations of the “ Rabbi Benjamin’s Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, containing an account of the state of the Jews in the twelfth century.” This work was published at Amsterdam, in two volumes octavo, in 1734, the author’s thirteenth year ; and the whole is said to have been finished by him in four months.

This wonderful youth, in the midst of his philosophical pursuits, found leisure for the study of the mathematics ; and with such effect, that he invented a method of discovering the longitude at sea, which he laid before the academy of sciences at Berlin, in a long letter, dated January 21, 1735, the day in which he completed his fourteenth year. Finding that his letter was well received, he resolved to maintain and

explain his project in person; and accordingly, in March following, set out for Berlin. On his way thither, he passed, with his father, through Hall, the chancellor of which celebrated university offered him the honorary degree of master of arts. This flattering proposal induced Baratier, on the spot, and in the presence of several professors, to draw up fourteen theses in philology, ecclesiastical history, and philosophy, which he caused to be printed the same night, and supported them the next day for three hours with great applause, upon which he received his degree with marks of high distinction.

He arrived a few days afterwards at Berlin. On the 24th of March, the mathematical class being assembled, with all the heads of the university, and many members of other classes,

Baratier was called in. M. de Vignoles, the rector, suggested to him some difficulties respecting his project on the longitude; to which he replied with great readiness and ability. After this he presented in Latin the plan of an astronomical instrument, which he proposed to execute. The learned Jablonski, the president, reported that he had examined Baratier in the king's presence, and had found him well acquainted with the oriental languages, and various other branches of learning, on which he was unanimously admitted, with the customary formalities, a member of the society.

On his return to Hall with his father, whom the King of Prussia at this time appointed to the pastoral charge of the French church in that city, young Baratier directed his studies to

theology, and with such success, that in 1735 he printed a work in Latin against Socinianism, under the title of *Ante-Artemonius*. To this book he added a dissertation on the Three Dialogues, commonly ascribed to Theodoret. This latter performance he afterwards defended in a German journal against some French critics; and in the same journal he printed a Dissertation on two works attributed to St. Athanasius.

The King of Prussia, to whom he was introduced, by way of trying the extent of his knowledge, asked him whether he understood the public law of the empire. Baratier was obliged to confess that he did not. "Then," said the King, "go and study it before you pretend to the character of a man of learning."

This roused the literary emulation of the youth. He renounced for a time all other studies, and applied himself to this with so much ardour, that in fifteen months he was enabled to defend a thesis on law with great credit.

His intense application, however, and the continual exercise of his mental faculties, which he did not relieve by amusements, or a proper degree of relaxation, speedily destroyed a constitution which was naturally very delicate. A complication of complaints attacked him; and after a decline of some months, during which he employed himself in collecting materials for a voluminous work on the Antiquities and History of Egypt, he died at Hall, in 1740, aged nineteen years, eight months, and seven days.

The extensive learning of this sur-

prising young man, neither made him proud nor ill-natured. He was affable and courteous in his behaviour, meek and contented in his disposition, frugal and abstemious in his mode of life. If his ardent thirst for wisdom and intellectual riches demands our admiration, his early end holds out a lesson for the due management even of literary pursuits, and warns us not to trifle with the means of prolonging our bodily health and strength, which are so necessary to render the highest mental talents honourable to ourselves, by being beneficial to society.

VALENTINE JAMERAI DUVAL.

It is pleasing and instructive to read the efforts and progress of those persons who, without the advantages of

early instruction, have overcome every difficulty, and attained eminence in the honourable sphere of literature and science. Such instances shew not only the innate powers of the human mind when laudably exercised, but serve as a stimulus to rouse young persons into an imitation of those praise-worthy examples.

This is a reflection peculiarly suitable as an introduction to the following memoir, in which much will be found to instruct and to edify our young readers, as well as to please and entertain them.

Valentine Jamerai Duval was born in 1695, in the village of Artonay, in Champagne. At the age of ten years he lost his father, a poor labourer, who left his wife in a state of poverty, with a large family.

Though young Duval was accus-
M

ed from his infancy to the want of almost every necessary of life, yet the misery he endured, instead of extinguishing the happy dispositions with which he was born, served to develope that strong courage which he retained to the end of his days. He had scarcely learned to read, when, at the age of twelve years, he entered into the service of a peasant, who appointed him to take care of his poultry. This employment did not agree with the vivacity of his disposition, but he relieved it by his sports and frolics, which endeared him to all the boys of the village. He presided in their amusements, invented new ones, and his good-nature made him the delight of all his associates.

In the winter of 1709 he quitted his native place, and travelled towards

Lorraine; but after a few days' journey he was attacked by the small-pox. In this wretched condition he was found by a poor shepherd, who placed him in a sheep-pen, but his poverty could supply him with no other subsistence, than coarse bread and water, and no other bed than a truss of straw. The breath of the sheep occasioned a perspiration that assisted the disorder with which he was infected. In this deplorable situation, the sheep came and licked his face; and not having strength to drive them away, he suffered great torment from the roughness of their tongues. Yet he was not insensible of their kindness, but had a feeling concern lest the poor animals should imbibe the infection; not knowing at that time, as he says, that this loathsome disease is peculiar to the human species.

By the vigour of his constitution he overcame the disorder, and quitting his benefactor, pursued his journey to a village on the borders of Lorraine, where he hired himself to another shepherd, with whom he continued two years.

He next became servant to a hermit, named Brother Palemon, at La Rochette, with whom, however, he did not long reside, as the superiors of his master sent him another companion; but Brother Palemon gave him a letter of recommendation to the hermits of St. Anne, at some distance from La Rochette, and about two miles from Luneville.

In passing through Luneville, Duval, who had never been in a town before, felt the utmost astonishment, and considered the place as the centre of

grandeur. On his arrival at St. Anne, the hermits received him with kindness, and entrusted to his care six cows, which, with the produce of their little farm, not only provided subsistence for themselves, but also the means of charity to the neighbouring poor.

Duval had always discovered an ardour for books, and read with avidity all that fell in his way. It was at St. Anne's that he began to learn to write. One of the old men traced for him, with a decrepid hand, the elements of this ingenious art. So defective a model could produce but poor copies; but his zeal and ingenuity soon enabled him to write with tolerable readiness.

One day as he was in the forest employing himself in laying snares for game, that he might be able to purchase books and maps of geography, he per-

ceived upon a tree a large wild cat, whose sparkling eyes and rich fur strongly excited his avarice. Resolved to catch it, he climbed the tree; and perceiving that the animal kept at the extremity of the branches to avoid him, he cut a stick, to drive it from its station. He gave it a violent blow on the head, and it fell to the ground, but was so little injured as to be able to run away. Duval made a similar leap, and pursued it so closely, that the animal took refuge in a hollow tree; but he manœuvred so well with his stick, at the bottom of the tree, that the cat, finding itself warmly attacked, bolted from its retreat to make a new escape, and threw itself directly into the arms of its enemy. He exerted all his efforts to stifle the animal, which became furious; and fastened its talons and teeth to the head

of our hero. Duval resolved not to let it escape, tore it by its hind feet from his head, which was nearly scalped, and killed it against a tree. Elated with his victory, he fastened the cat to his stick, and returned home. His masters, seeing him covered with blood, were terrified; but he said, with the utmost indifference, "It is a mere trifle: be so good as to wash my head with a little warm wine, and it will soon be well:" and shewing the cat, "here is my recompense."

His perseverance in the chase, and the money he procured for his game, had enabled him to purchase some books, when an unexpected occasion furnished him with the means of adding to his collection. Walking in the forest one day, he found a gold seal, with arms engraved on it. He went

the next Sunday to Luneville, to entreat the vicar to publish it in the church, that the person who had lost it might recover it by applying at the hermitage. Some weeks after, a gentleman knocked at the gate of St. Anne's, and asked for the hermits' boy. Duval appeared.—“ You have found a seal ?” said the stranger.—“ Yes, Sir.” “ I will thank you for it ; it belongs to me.”—“ A moment's patience ; before I give it you, you will be so good as to blazon your arms.”—“ You are laughing at me, young man : you can surely know nothing of heraldry ?”—“ Be that as it may, Sir,” said Duval, who had read a French book on the Elements of Heraldry, “ you shall not have the seal till you have blazoned your arms.” The gentleman, surprised at the manner and tone of Duval, asked

him a variety of questions, and finding him well informed, described his arms, and gave him two guineas. Desirous of being better acquainted with the lad, the gentleman, who was an Englishman, of the name of Foster, made him promise to come and breakfast with him at Luneville every holiday. Duval did so, and received a crown at every visit.

The generosity of Mr. Foster continued during his abode at Luneville, and he added to it his advice respecting the choice of books and maps. The application of Duval, under such a guide, could not fail of being attended with improvement, and he added greatly to his stock of knowledge.

The number of his books had increased to four hundred volumes, but his wardrobe was the same; consisting

of a coarse linen coat for summer, and a woollen one for winter, with wooden shoes. His frequent visits at Luneville, the opulence and luxury that prevailed there, and the state of ease he began to feel, did not tempt him to quit his first simplicity; and he would have considered himself as guilty of robbery, if he had spent a farthing of what he gained for any other purpose than to satisfy his passion for books. Economical to excess, and prodigal in whatever could contribute to his instruction and extend his knowledge, his privations gave him no pain. In proportion as his mind strengthened, and his ideas enlarged, he began to reflect upon his abject state. He felt that he was not in his proper place; and he wished for a change. From this instant a secret inquietude haunted

him in his retreat, accompanied him in the forest, and distracted him in his studies.

Seated one day at the foot of a tree, absorbed in reflection, and surrounded by maps, which he examined with eager attention, a gentleman approached him, and asked, with an air of surprise, what he was doing.—“Studying geography,” said he.—“And do you understand any thing of the subject?”—“Certainly; I never trouble myself about things I do not understand.”—“And what place are you seeking for?”—“I am trying to find the nearest way to Quebec.”—“For what purpose?”—“That I may go there, and continue my studies in the university of that town.”—“But why need you go for this purpose to the end of the world? There are universities nearer

home, superior to that of Quebec ; and if it will afford you any pleasure, I will point them out to you.”—At this moment they were joined by a retinue belonging to the young princes of Lorraine, who were hunting in the forest with Count Vidampiere and Baron Pfutschner, their governors. Various questions were put to Duval, which he answered with precision, and without being out of countenance. It was at length proposed by Baron Pfutschner and Count Vidampiere, the person who first accosted him, that he should pursue his studies in the college of Jesuits at Pont-à-Mousson. Duval felt the importance of this proposal, but desired time to consider of it ; adding, that he valued his liberty, and would never quit his retreat without being sure of preserving this precious gift of nature.

They dispelled his apprehensions on this subject, and the baron promised to call upon him in a few days.

He kept his word, and came to inform him, that Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, would take him under his protection, and furnish him with the means of pursuing his studies. He invited him at the same time to go with him to court at Luneville. Our young recluse was attached to the hermitage, and could not quit it without tears. Having vowed eternal gratitude to his benefactors, he set off in a chariot with the baron; and on his arrival at Luneville, was presented to the duke, who received him in the midst of a numerous court, whom this singular event had contributed to assemble. Duval answered every question that was put to him without being confused, not-

withstanding the novelty of the scene, and the important part he had to act. Some ladies having expressed their surprise at the whiteness of his teeth, he said, ingenuously, "What, ladies, can there be astonishing in this? It is an advantage which I enjoy in common with the canine species." The Duke, charmed with his simplicity and physiognomy, renewed his promise of protection, and committed the care of his establishment at the college to Baron Pfutschner. His books and effects were accordingly conveyed thither; he was clothed, and an annual pension was assigned him.

Duval's natural taste for study made him redouble his zeal. History, geography, and antiquities, were the studies he preferred, and in which he made a great progress.

He lived two years in this house; and such was his improvement, that the duke, as a recompense, permitted him in 1718 to make a journey to Paris in his suite. On his return the next year his highness appointed him his librarian, and conferred on him the office of Professor of History in the academy of Luneville.

He shortly after read public lectures on history and antiquities, which were attended by numerous auditors, particularly a number of young Englishmen, among whom was William Pitt, afterwards the immortal Earl of Chatham. Duval, struck with the distinguished air and sonorous voice of this young man, predicted more than once his future eminence.

Occupied by his studies, Duval had spent many years in perfect content,

when an unexpected accident interrupted his felicity. Duke Leopold died in 1738, and his son Francis exchanged the duchy of Lorraine for that of Tuscany. King Stanislaus, the new possessor of Lorraine, entreated Duval to continue in the office of professor in the academy, but his attachment to his old patron would not permit him to listen to the proposal. He went to Florence, where he was placed at the head of the duke's library. The science of medals, upon which he had read lectures in Lorraine, became now his favourite amusement, and he was desirous of making a collection of ancient and modern coins. He was deeply engaged in this pursuit when the Emperor Francis, who had formed a similar design, sent for him to Vienna, that he might have the care of his collection.

During his abode at Vienna, it was customary for him to wait upon the emperor after dinner. One day he quitted him abruptly, without waiting till he should be dismissed. "Where are you going?" said the prince.—"To hear Gabrieli, Sire."—"But she sings so wretchedly!"—"Let me entreat your majesty not to say this aloud."—"Why not?"—"Because it is of importance to your majesty, that every one should believe what you say, but in this no one will believe you." The Abbé Marcy, who was present, said to him, as they came out, "Do you know, Duval, that you have spoken to the emperor a bold truth?"—"So much the better," replied he, "I hope he will profit by it." He preserved, nevertheless, the friendship of their

majesties, and continued to receive new proofs of it.

Once, during the carnival, the empress laid a bet with his majesty, who piqued himself on being able to find out all the masks, that she would give her arm at the ball to a mask which he should not discover. Duval, who had never been at a ball in his life, was desired to wait upon the maids of honour, that he might be dressed for the occasion.. He went, and endeavoured to excuse himself, alledging his awkwardness, and ignorance how to behave : but he was obliged to yield ; and every thing being ready, he was introduced to her majesty. The empress gave him her arm, and assuming a tone of gaiety to encourage him, she said, “ Well, “ Duval, I hope you will dance a minuet with me ? ” — “ I, Madam ! I have

learned in the woods no other dance than that of tumbling head over heels." The empress laughed heartily at his reply, and presently they arrived at the assembly-room. The emperor, anxious to win his bet, was already there ; but his efforts were vain to discover the mask, which, after two hours' stay, was suffered to depart. The disguise of Duval, and the constraint he experienced in so great a crowd, had made him very warm ; and in returning from the ball he caught a violent cold, which, as he pleasantly said, preserved him from the danger of being elated with pride at the distinction conferred upon him.

A philosopher, in the true sense of the word, Duval, thus lived in the midst of luxury and splendour, a life truly pastoral, never deviating from his ori-

ginal plan, and never more happy than in his study.

His health being much impaired by intense application, he was advised to take a journey to France to restore it. He accordingly visited Paris in 1752, and there formed a close intimacy with some of the most learned and virtuous men of the age.

On his return he passed through Artonay, his native place. He purchased his paternal cottage, and having caused it to be pulled down, he built upon the spot a commodious house, which he presented to the community for the abode of the schoolmaster of the village. His beneficence distinguished itself also towards a hamlet situated near Artonay, where, finding that there were no wells, he had some dug at his own expense.

By temperance and philosophical serenity he preserved his constitution till the eightieth year of his age, when he was all at once attacked by the gravel, from which he suffered excruciating pains with calmness. This was followed by a fever, which carried him off in 1775, aged 81. His end was tranquil, and such as might be expected from a life that had been uniformly virtuous and useful. Let his ashes rest in peace; and may posterity, the arbiter of true merit, never forget a man who, to raise himself from a state of obscurity and depression to which his birth seemed to have condemned him, opened himself a way, and overcame difficulties which the perseverance of genius alone was capable of surmounting!

AMBROSE BOUFLERS.

COURAGE and firmness do not belong exclusively to men. In past ages, and even in the present times, children have been seen to give proofs of heroic valour, and to preserve calmness in the hottest posts of danger. What historians relate of the young Lacedemonians, what the boys of our own soldiery are daily seen to dare, who cheerfully carry food to their fathers in the midst of the fire of muskets and the balls of artillery, all prove the truth of this assertion. Education, habit, and example, next to nature, are the best of masters.

The Chevalier Bouflers does not figure here by his learning. Though he was educated with great care, and

made a considerable progress in the sciences, in which he was instructed from his earliest years, he is more known by his military profession than by his erudition. Among the antient French, with whom the strength of the body was preferred to the improvement of the mind, it was a constant custom to inure children of good families to the profession of arms, from the age of eight or nine years. Some of these children have been seen in bloody battles, holding their colours with one hand, while with the other they struck great blows with their sabres. To confront a forest of bayonets, to recover a broken standard, or to regain a piece of lost ground, to meet the enemy in their entrenchments, to remain firm at the tremendous noise of artillery, scattering on all sides terror and death ; to

collect the bullets, raining like hail-stones on the field of battle, and carry them to the exhausted engineers, were more than once the exploits of youths of twelve or thirteen, as well as of intrepid grenadiers.

The young officer, whose history we are tracing, recalls to our memories, and confirms these traits of heroism. He was born at Paris in 1734, of a family distinguished in the annals of France. Joseph Maria, Duke of Bouflers, and governor of Flanders, was his grandfather. Full of the noble deeds of our antient knights and of his ancestors, this illustrious general was anxious that his grandson should resemble them, and support the honour of the family. In consequence he procured for him an education proper to enflame his infant courage, and inspire

him with the love of glory. He was set to read the battles of Alexander, the History of Cyrus, the Life of Duguesclin, of the Chevalier Bayard, and of Henry IV ; the histories of the great Condé, of Louis XIV, and of Villars. At seven years old Ambrose was not only acquainted with the lives of the greatest warriors, but he could perform his exercise with the precision of an old soldier ; and he was able to carry and handle his arms without letting fall a crown-piece placed between his elbow and his side.

In his ninth year he had also acquired a knowledge of tactics, and the art of the attack and defence of places. He could give the word of command for the different military evolutions, and drew up with skill a little army ; for one of the principal amusements of

his childhood was to place and move, in different directions, pieces of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, cut out in pasteboard. As a military man is likely to travel into foreign countries, the parents of young Bouflers spared no pains to make him acquainted with the modern languages, particularly the German, English, and Italian, which he learned in a few months, by means of conversation.

The Chevalier de Bouflers had scarcely attained his tenth year, when he was obliged to interrupt the course of his studies to make his first campaign. France was then at war with the English and Austrians, and Germany was the scene of action. Little Ambrose went thither with his father and his uncle. Such is the advantage of education, and the force of habit, that the child appeared

no more astonished in the midst of the field than if he had been in his father's house. He first mounted guard as a common soldier, but he rose from rank to rank till he attained that of a cornet. The day the young officer was installed in his post, he was sent with a foraging party, consisting of one hundred and twenty horse. On the road they encountered a band of Hulans, who attacked them, and opposed their passage. It was necessary to proceed to blows; the skirmish was so sharp, that the little Chevalier was thrown from his saddle, and fell under his horse's feet; he remounted safely, and had sufficient presence of mind to preserve his standard. He fired off his pistol, caught hold of his sword, and fought with as much intrepidity as if he had been long used to such rencounters.

Returning victorious, and slightly wounded in the right-hand, he ran to salute his uncle. The warrior took him in his arms, pressed him tenderly to his breast, and shed tears of joy : then perceiving that the child had received three balls in his hat, and several others in the skirts of his coat, the marquis was struck with admiration. His father now came to embrace him. “ You look very gay,” said he, “ considering you have had the firing so near you.”— “ Dear papa,” replied the child, “ I did not think of myself; my only fear was that of losing my poor servant, who hazarded his life twenty times to save mine. Ah ! without him I should not now have had the pleasure of seeing again either you or my dear uncle.”

During seven months the Chevalier Bouflers endured, without a complaint,

the severest toils of war. Severe to himself, generous, and full of kindness to the soldiers, he took no advantages in consideration of his birth, and he punctually observed the discipline so necessary for the preservation of subordination. Though he often marched by night in desert fields and dreary forests, and frequently passed close to the enemy's posts, he never manifested any signs of fear. At length happened the famous battle fought near Dettingen, a village situated on the Main, in the electorate of Mentz. On this famous day the little Chevalier affected more gaiety than usual. Thinking that he perceived an air of uneasiness on the countenance of his father: "Papa," said he, "we shall gain glory to-day; the English will see fine sport."—"May you say true!" replied Mon-

sieur Bouflers, with emotion; " I think the action will be rather hot: lest we should meet no more, let us embrace, and do your duty!" Half an hour after this affecting scene, the combat began. The Chevalier Bouflers, being posted with his cavalry on the banks of a river, sustained a heavy fire near an hour. The cannon roared on each side in the most terrible manner; whirlwinds of smoke entirely hid both armies from the sight; long files of men fell every moment, and the earth was covered with the dying and the dead.

Towards the conclusion of the battle, which had before gone in favour of the French, the English, commanded by King George II, made an unexpected movement, by which the French general was deceived. He immediately

gave orders for a retreat, which unfortunately did not arrive in time. The enemy fired on the French army point blank; the first batteries were dismounted; terror and confusion spread from rank to rank. In this fatal conjuncture the Chevalier Bouflers, who had received no orders to retire from the dangerous situation in which he was posted, saw all his men fall around him, disabled with wounds. He himself had his left leg broken; he became senseless, and slipped under his horse's belly: a soldier then ventured to take him on his shoulders, and carried him to the quarter of reserve.

The reputation of the young Chevalier for conduct and valour had reached even to the Germans, and at this period was of signal service to him. The soldier who bore him, bleeding

and senseless in his arms, was stopped at three different times by the Austrians; and three times, at the sight of the wounded child, and the name of Bouflers, he was released, and arrived safe at the French camp.

When the young warrior had taken a little rest, and was come to himself, the wound was examined; it was judged incurable, and the surgeons declared that the leg must be amputated. The necessity and urgency of this painful operation was not concealed from him: "Since they cannot do otherwise," answered the brave boy, "I had rather lose my leg than my head." In this cruel extremity the dutiful child felt himself more than ever penetrated with the tenderest sentiments towards the authors of his existence. He begged a delay of half an hour; and causing pen,

ink, and paper to be brought him, he wrote to his mother the following letter:

“ DEAR MAMMA,

“I have just received a wound in the leg; I will not conceal from you that it is absolutely necessary the limb should be taken off. I suffer more than I can express; but it is less from my wound than from the thought of the grief that it will give you to hear of it.

“I certainly expect to survive the operation; but if Providence has ordered otherwise, let me at least have the consolation of embracing you in this letter; and may this writing of a son, who loves as much as he respects you, be a new proof to you, my dear mamma, of my tender remembrance, and my gratitude for all your favours.

“ Do not make yourself uneasy, my dear mother ; I shall soon recover. Embrace for me my sister and my good friend.”

After having written this letter, the young hero entreated, with the most tender solicitude, that it should be sent immediately to his mother : and he was even attentive to have the courier largely paid in his presence, after which he resigned himself to the operation. It was performed with no less promptitude than care and skill ; yet this intrepid child could not survive it. “ I am dying,” said he, in a stifled voice ; “ father, I am about to leave you— Carry, I beg, this last kiss to main-ma.” His father, bursting into tears, bent down to receive the last caress of his dear son, who added : “ Dear papa, it is not life that I regret, it is

leaving you ; it is that I shall never see again my tender mother ; it is the disgrace of seeing the battle won by the English."

FRANCES MARIA,

FRANCES Maria, of Rochebeaucour, was born in Angoumois, in France, in 1752.

Nature, who has granted to man the gifts of genius and deep thinking, ability to invent, and force to execute, seems to have compensated his companion by gifts no less valuable ; gentleness of disposition, patience, self-command, courage, sensibility, prudence, activity, and regularity of conduct. This last quality is, above all, a prerogative which cannot be refused to

a sex worthy on so many accounts of love and respect.

With what aptness too is woman endowed from her tender years! Are not young girls daily seen to conduct a house, to watch over the details of house-keeping, to manage their little brothers and sisters, to supply, in a word, the loss of their parents, at an age when great boys are capable of no service, and only think of amusing themselves? Frances Maria perfectly confirms these observations. She was the daughter of a tax-gatherer of Rochebeaucour, in Angoumois. Her father was possessed of no fortune, but he was a worthy man, a good husband, and a good father. Though he had received only a common education, as he did not want good sense, he brought up his child much better than the

children of the rich inhabitants of great cities are often educated. He had remarked that Frances was of a gentle but decided temper, repugnant to all remonstrances delivered with severity; in consequence, he made use of no other methods of management than those of kindness, caresses, and sentiment, and he saw himself no less respected than beloved by her.

His wife was far from shewing the sense and tender cares of her husband. She affected great love for her daughter, but this love was unequal and unenlightened. Whimsical, capricious, hasty to excess, unreasonable in her demands, and ready to take offence, she was perpetually chiding Maria for mere trifles. On occasions when she ought to have reproved her daughter, she manifested a tenderness, of which

the little girl could not divine the reason; when it would have been right to have encouraged her, she overwhelmed her with menaces and harsh treatment, which disgusted the good father, and soured the mind of the child. Thus thwarted in his dearest affections, but irresolute, and desirous of preserving peace in his house, the father concealed within his heart a secret grief. He fell ill, and died in the arms of his afflicted daughter. His wife did not long survive him; and left behind her a little boy, of eighteen months old, with Frances, then aged eleven years.

The father of the young orphan was rich only in virtues; he left no inheritance to his daughter but some old furniture, and a little cottage, situated on the skirts of a wood. Frances retired with her little brother to this wild

asylum. The wretched have neither relations nor friends ! She saw herself deserted and was soon reduced to poverty. Some husbandmen in the neighbourhood, however, wished her to keep their geese and sheep ; but her attachment to her little brother prevented her from accepting the office, and she resolved to attempt and to suffer every thing rather than abandon him.

In this urgent necessity Maria sold some of her effects, and with the money she bought flax and cotton. From the age of seven years she had been able to make a pair of men's stockings in two days. This habit of employment was of great assistance to her ; and she set herself to spinning, sewing, and knitting, alternately. As she was not less active than skilful, she thus pro-

vided for her subsistence, and preserved her independence.

Industry and virtue naturally command the esteem of men; and when we no longer stand in need of them, they offer us their services. A girl of twelve years old, living alone in a poor cottage, providing for herself, and taking care of an infant brother, as if he had been her child, was a sight equally unusual and affecting. Accordingly her reputation soon spread abroad. Every body ran from the neighbouring districts to see her, and work was eagerly brought to her. The mothers particularly made it a pleasure to bring their children thither. "Come," said they, "and see a girl of twelve years old who conducts herself like a woman of thirty, and passes her

time in providing food for her little brother."

Plenty, the fruit of industry, insensibly began to reign in the cottage of Frances; she was even enabled to take a good old woman to live with her, who kept the house, and took care of her brother whilst she went with her work to the neighbouring villages. Passing her days in innocence and peace, nothing would have been wanting to the happiness of this virtuous child, had her father still been with her.

Afflicting recollections continually offered themselves to her mind, and spread a gloom over her thoughts. During the hours of the night, and throughout the day, she felt a dreadful void around her. "Dear friend of my childhood," she repeated, "why are you not with your beloved daughter? With what pleasure should I consr

crate to you the product of my labours! O, how it would delight me to return the cares which you lavished on me in my childhood! No, no; never shall I be consoled for so cruel a loss; nothing can make me amends!"

Divided between her attention to her brother, and the tender recollection of her beloved father, the good Frances had already passed three years in her solitude.

Surpassing others no less in the advantages of person than those of the mind, she was of a size and strength much above her age, and her beauty was equal to the amiable qualities of her heart. Some of the richest farmers demanded her in marriage, and would have esteemed themselves happy to have obtained her without a dowry; but they were all very young, and Frances, with a prudence by no means

common, dismissed them, preferring a tradesman of a middle age, with a moderate property, because, as she said, he might supply the place of a father to her brother and herself, and assist her in acquiring the experience that she stood in need of.

It was the middle of a severe winter, and the prudent girl waited for the spring, to unite her lot with that of the happy man for whom she destined her heart and her lovely person. But, alas! she was prevented in her design by a fatal accident. For five weeks the earth had been covered with snow: the wolves wandered through the fields in troops; they boldly entered the towns, and even men, when unarmed, became their victims. One morning, as Frances was drawing some bread from the oven, a wolf, followed by five

whelps, burst into the room. She instantly seized a knotty stick, and defended herself with such courage, that she would certainly have saved her life had she thought only of herself; but whilst she was encountering the savage beast, she perceived a second enemy advancing towards her brother: Then, uttering a cry of terror, she seized the child by the middle, opened a closet, and there placed him out of danger; but whilst the courageous girl supported herself with one hand, and endeavoured with the other to repulse the voracious animals, the furious wolf sprung at her throat, and suffocated her instantly. The good old woman flying to implore assistance, was also seized and torn in pieces.

Thus died, in her fifteenth year, this young woman, who so well deserved.

a better fate. Who can refuse their tears? The true model of filial piety, of courage, and fraternal affection, inspired with virtue, with sentiment, and grace ; who better deserved to have lived and become the mother of a family than she, who fulfilled so well the sacred duties of one without the title? Her brother was living in 1796, and from him these interesting particulars were received.

VOLNEY BECKNER.

VOLNEY BECKNER was born at Londonderry, in Ireland, in 1748, and was devoured by a shark at the age of twelve years.

The child whom we here commemorate had not the advantage of spring-

ing from a wealthy or distinguished family: but of what importance is birth? what is the effect of riches? They often corrupt the morals. He who is worthy, honest, and wise, has no need of great or rich ancestors. Volney Beckner was the son of a poor Irish sailor; he received no instruction but what related to his father's profession: yet nature had endowed his body with singular address and agility, and his mind with unusual intelligence and penetration. He had a soul of no common temper; and from his earliest years he discovered sentiments of valour, which would have led him to great enterprises, had he enjoyed a longer life.

One art essentially necessary to a sailor, and serviceable to most others, is that of swimming. Besides that

this exercise is very favourable to the health, and that it gives suppleness to the limbs, it is indispensable in a shipwreck ; there is no medium in such a case ; a person must either know how to swim or be drowned,

As soon as little Beckner was weaned, his father, by example, shewed him how to guide himself in the middle of the waves, even when they were most agitated. He threw him down into the sea from the stern of the ship : then suddenly plunging into this delusive element, which swallows so many men and so much riches, he sought for him again.

He afterwards supported him with one hand, taught him to extend his little arms and legs, and thus accustomed him from his cradle to brave dangers in their very bosom.

The pupil became so bold, able, and vigorous, that from his fourth year he would follow the ship in which he had been brought up, swimming the distance of one or two leagues. When he was exhausted by fatigue, his father, who watched him with an attentive eye, flew to catch him, and brought him to the ship on his back. Sometimes, when the little lad was not extremely fatigued, he would cling dexterously round a rope which was thrown out to him, and creep up like a rat into the vessel.

When he grew a little bigger, he soon rendered himself useful to the crew. In tempestuous weather, when the wind blew with violence, when it tore the sails, and the rain fell in torrents, he was one of the most active on board. The squirrel does not clamber with

more agility up the trees in Lapland, than Volney did up the shrouds and along the yards of the ship. When he was at the top of the mast, even in the fiercest of the storm, he appeared as little agitated as a passenger stretched in his hammock.

Such is the force of habit and example! Happy are those who see none but good examples! Cradled in the effeminacy of cities, abandoned to ignorant nurses, most children tremble like a leaf at the creaking of a door, and are ready to faint at the sight of a mouse. It is not so with those who are brought up in the midst of labour, and who contemplate brave men. To be fed with biscuit broken with a hatchet, sparingly moistened with muddy water full of worms, to be half

covered with a garment of coarse cloth, to take some hours of repose on a plank, and be suddenly wakened at the moment when his sleep was the soundest, was the lot of Volney, and yet he enjoyed a robust constitution. He never caught cold, he never knew fevers, or any of those diseases which arise from gluttony and idleness. A hardy education is always the best, and alone forms superior men: of this fact history furnishes us with numerous examples. Such was the aptitude and industry of Beckner in his twelfth year, that at this age he was judged worthy of a higher station, and double pay. The captain of his ship often mentioned him as a model to the other boys; and said once, in the presence of the whole crew, "If this little fel-

low continues to conduct himself with so much valour and prudence, I have no doubt of his obtaining a place much above that which I occupy." Little Volney was very sensible to the praises that he had so well deserved. Though deprived of the study of letters, which cultivates the mind, extends our knowledge, and gives us just ideas of things, he loved glory by instinct, and made great efforts to acquire it. From several instances of intrepid daring, which he manifested in many dangerous emergencies, we shall only select the following, since this alone will confer eternal honour on his memory.

A little girl, daughter to a rich American, who was going to Port-au-Prince, in France, had slipped away from her nurse, who was sick in the cabin, and

ran upon deck. There, whilst she fixed her eyes with curiosity on the immense expanse of water, a sudden heaving of the ship caused her head to turn, and she fell into the sea. The father of Volney darted after her, and in five or six strokes caught her by her frock. Whilst he swam with one hand to regain the vessel, and with the other held the child to his breast, Beckner perceived at a distance a shark advancing towards him. He called out for assistance. The danger was pressing. Every one ran on deck, but no one dared to go farther; they contented themselves with firing off several muskets; but the animal, lashing the sea with his tail, and opening his frightful jaws, was just about to seize his prey. In this terrible extremity, what strong

men would not venture to attempt, filial piety excited a child to execute. Little Volney armed himself with a sabre; he threw himself into the sea; then plunging with the velocity of a fish; he slipped under the belly of the animal, and thrust the sword into him up to the hilt. Thus suddenly assailed, and deeply wounded, the shark quitted the sailor and child, but turned, exasperated, against the aggressor, who attacked him with repeated blows. What a heart rending sight! How worthy of admiration! On one side the American, trembling for his little girl, who seemed devoted to destruction; on the other, a generous mariner exposing his life for a child not his own; and here the whole crew raising their hands to heaven on seeing young Volney con-

tending with an enemy so greatly superior, and encountering inevitable death to divert it from his father! Who can view a scene like this without dissolving into tears of tenderness?

The combat was too unequal, and no refuge remained but in a speedy retreat. Several ropes were quickly thrown out to the father and the son, and they each succeeded in seizing one. They were hastily drawn up; already they were more than fifteen feet above the surface of the water; already cries of joy were heard: "Here they are! here they are!—they are saved!" Alas! no—they were not saved! At least one victim was to be sacrificed. Enraged at seeing his prey about to escape him, the shark plunged with a vigorous spring, and darting forward

like lightning, with his sharp teeth he tore asunder the body of the intrepid and unfortunate youth while suspended in the air. A part of his palpitating and lifeless body was drawn up to the ship, with his father and the little girl.

Thus died, at the age of twelve years, this hopeful young sailor, who deserved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action which he performed, and the sacred motive by which he was animated to the enterprise, we are penetrated with sorrow to see him sink under it. Yet these great examples cannot be lost. The memory of them does not perish with the individual who gave them. A faithful relation of them cannot but animate with a generous zeal the tender minds of

youth, and produce from age to age the repetition of actions not less praiseworthy.

JEREMIAH HORROX.

OF all the sciences cultivated by man, none has so direct a tendency to elevate his mind with noble sentiments, and to inspire him with a conviction of the infinite power, wisdom, and goodness of the Supreme Being, the Creator and Governor of the universe, as astronomy.

What can equal the contemplation of the numerous glories which adorn the canopy of heaven, when all nature is hushed into a still serenity, and no discordant sounds are heard, or busy scenes present themselves to perplex

the mind and to distract the attention!

Man alone, of all the inhabitants of this globe, is capable of making observations upon the innumerable worlds which are scattered throughout the regions of space.

It should seem, therefore, to be a part of his duty, as it is his peculiar privilege, so to contemplate the celestial bodies, as to gain just notions of the universe, and becoming ideas of that boundless intelligence which not only created but preserves the whole in the exactest symmetry and order.

The soul of man was made to walk the skies;
Delightful outlet of her prison here!
There, disencumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;
There freely can respire, dilate, extend
In full proportion, let loose all her powers.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

In the cultivation of this sublime science of astronomy, our countrymen have eminently distinguished themselves. The illustrious Newton has fixed its principles; and many other great men, by the construction of instruments, the calculation of tables, and the accuracy of their observations, have rendered the study easy and delightful. Among others, to whom we are indebted for valuable discoveries, the subject of the present memoir is entitled to distinguished respect.

Jeremiah Horrox was born at a village called Toxteth, near Liverpool, in 1619. When very young, he was placed under a country schoolmaster, whom he soon surpassed, and afterwards was for a short time a student of Emanuel college, Cambridge. But at the age of fourteen we find him at

home with his father, assiduously engaged in the study of astronomy. His circumstances were very moderate, and at that time there were but few books of practical utility upon the subject of his favourite science, and those were scarce and dear. At present there are many excellent works, which, in a plain and perspicuous manner, will enable the young inquirer to gain a knowledge of the celestial bodies: and the author of this memoir has peculiar satisfaction in recommending a volume lately published, entitled "The Wonders of the Telescope," in which the system of the universe is not only explained in a very easy manner, but the engravings are so admirably executed as to convey to the eye an exact view of the heavenly orbs.

Young Horrox had no other helps than a few Latin authors, as Lansbergius, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler; who, though they were men of profound knowledge, did not write in a pleasing or familiar style.

The love of science, however, was so ardent in his bosom, that, without any other tutor than these obscure books, he gained a most extensive and accurate knowledge of astronomy, and the branches of mathematical learning connected with it. About 1636, he contracted an intimate friendship with Mr. William Crabtree, who lived near Manchester, and who was also an excellent mathematician, and an indefatigable observer.

With this gentleman young Horrox kept up a regular correspondence; and it is from the letters which passed be-

tween these ingenious persons, that these few particulars, concerning Mr. Horrox, have been gathered.

Having now met with a companion whose genius resembled his own, our juvenile astronomer pursued his studies with increased ardour. He procured astronomical instruments, with which he made many curious observations; one of which was very extraordinary, and is that which has immortalized his name. This was of the famous transit of Venus over the Sun in 1639.

The famous Kepler, in his tables, had predicted that this transit, or passage, of the planet Venus over the disk of the Sun, would happen in 1631; and the celebrated Gassendi, whose life we have already given, looked for it at Paris, in that year, but in vain.

When Mr. Horrox first applied him-

self to astronomy, he constructed ephemerides or almanacks for himself, from which he was enabled to discover, not only the errors in the tables which had been published, but to ascertain exactly the situations of the planets, their conjunctions, appulses to the fixed stars, and the most remarkable phænomena that would happen in the heavens.

It was thus that he found Kepler's mistake in placing the transit of Venus in the year 1631 instead of 1639. Accordingly, in a letter to his friend Crabtree, dated at Hool, near Liverpool, October 26, 1639, he communicated his discovery to him, earnestly desiring him to make what observations he could with his telescope. This his friend readily complied with; and, agreeable to Mr. Horrox's calculation, the transit was observed by them, No-

vember 24, 1639, they being the first persons who were ever favoured with such a sight.

By his observations on this uncommon sight, Mr. Horrox was enabled to measure the diameter of Venus, and to determine the latitude and longitude of the place of his residence; all which he performed with wonderful accuracy.

He continued to prosecute his studies and inquiries with equal ardour, and would doubtless have rendered still more service to the interests of science, had he not been cut off in the flower of his age, January 3, 1640.

What we have of his writings, gives us some idea of the great loss which the world sustained by his death. He had just finished his book, entitled "Venus in Sole visa;" or, "Venus seen in the Sun," a little before his death.

This excellent performance was published by the eminent astronomer Hevelius, at Dantzick, with annotations. The other papers and letters of Mr. Horrox were printed by that learned mathematician, Dr. John Wallis : and it deserves notice, that the new theory of lunar motion contained in these posthumous papers of this surprising youth, was made use of by the immortal Sir Isaac Newton, as the ground work of his astronomy relative to that planet ; and that great man always spoke of Mr. Horrox as a genius of the very first rank.

We cannot conclude this brief notice of this most ingenious young man, without again recommending to our juvenile readers, a science, which, whatever may be their destination in life, will be found necessary to the

right improvement of the human mind; and a total ignorance of which cannot but be considered as culpable in an age when the means of acquiring knowledge are so numerous and easy.

Come forth, O man! yon azure round survey,
And view those lamps, which yield eternal day.
Bring forth thy glasses; clear thy wond'ring eyes;
Millions beyond the former millions rise:
Look farther :—millions more blaze from remoter skies,

END OF VOL. I.



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